

















NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF THE  
CONGREGATION OF PRIESTS OF  
SAINT BASIL — COLLECTED BY  
ROBERT JOSEPH SCOLLARD, CSB.



17



1964

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"In the world but not of it."

No alumnus who knew St. Michael's in the 'eighties has forgotten Patsy Langan.

The figure is unique; there was only one Patsy Langan; there could not be another.

A keen, close student in class invariably at the head of the list; in every form of athletics, interested; vigorous, capable; in general conduct without reproach; in manner, always a gentleman; among his fellows, a delightful companion; in the interior of his private life, a saint. And yet I am not sure that it was for any one of those or for all together that he still lives as no other in the memory of all who go back to his day. He was just one of those outstanding characters whom no one forgets and no one knows why.

the old world but all day.

At home the new is the old.

At home the new is the old.

At home the new is the old.

At home the new is the old.

At home the new is the old.

At home the new is the old.

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Patsy — for no one thinks of him under any other title — commenced high school in 1878; in 1883 he matriculated with first-class honours in classics and second-class standing in any other examination paper he thought worth walking across the park and trying his hand at. There was no malice aforethought in those enterprises. He had during the year read everything prescribed on the curriculum, as a matter of course; then when the examination was on, if it suited his convenience to spend a forenoon or afternoon in the old Convocation Hall, he might happen to decide an hour or two before to try his luck on the paper assigned for that period. To him the gaining of a special standing in the records of the Provincial University, like the winning of a medal or an armful



of prizes on any occasion during the five years previous, was an achievement one might be interested in going after with an enthusiasm somewhat similar to the state of mind which decides one to go into a good, lively handball game on a long holiday afternoon. It was too good a thing to miss at the time, but when it was over — what about it?

It was during his matriculation year that he acquainted the Father Provincial of his intention of becoming a Basilian. Acceptance on the part of the Institute was followed in September by his assignment to the staff of St. Michael's. The decision implied a discontinuation of his university studies and a postponement of his entrance to the Novitiate,



neither of which awakened the feeblest protest in the mind of a man already in his twenty-fourth year. From '83 to '85, the time left over after a full day's teaching, along with the usual recreation and dormitory duties, etc., was devoted to philosophy. While the class achieved its purpose in a mastery of Sanseverino more or less thorough, Patsy characteristically developed plans of reading everything produced in the days of Mediaeval Scholasticism. The following year he spent in the Beaconsfield Novitiate, the one novice unable to speak French in a community where he alone knew anything of English.

The next three years saw him a full-time teacher in St. Michael's, and year after year gaining first-class honor

subject of which concerns the subject  
 present is the kind of a law already  
 in the country—both for the year 1871  
 to 1872, the law left open after a 2001  
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 levied on the goods, and the duty  
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 the year of 2001 and the year  
 the year of 2001 and the year

standing in university examinations. For the accomplishment of this there was no opportunity whatever of attending lectures or of getting assistance from any quarter. Certainly his superiors were not averse to his going on with theology instead, but a degree with Honor Classics seemed something very important to the young religious who had given his life to the teaching profession; theology could be taken up later. He seemed to find time for everything; asked no dispensations from any observance; and, with the exception of a half hour immediately after supper, invariably reserved for a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, was always on recreation at the hours assigned by rule.

In the summer of 1889 things took an



unexpected turn. The Superior General made a visitation of the Canadian houses, and ruled that the young men of the Institute should cease preparing for university examinations. I beg to submit that nothing more wonderful has been witnessed in the history of Basilians than the spirit in which Patsy Langan received that order. In the hope of being able to give greater service to the Institute, he had volunteered to postpone his ordination four years; he had for three years known nothing but long hours of hard labor under every kind of difficulty; his success had been phenomenal; he was looked upon by examiners and competitors as the outstanding classical scholar of the university; another year and it



would be all over, with a university degree crowned by a gold medal to his credit. And now when, without any forewarning, he is told to drop it all, it does not occur to him to utter the slightest remonstrance. The Superior had spoken and the case was finished. The rest of us were disposed to plead for an exception in his case; he would give the suggestion no encouragement. Apparently he was never so happy in his whole life as in the days and weeks following this extraordinary reversal of his plans.

But a greater surprise was in store for all. A year later he made it known that neither the priesthood nor the religious life was to be his future. For all it was just a bolt from the blue. The



writer received the information by letter — just a few lines to enclose the statement: "I have decided that I am never to wear the stole." Not the slightest intimation of the reason why nor of his plans for the future. Forty years have since elapsed and I am not aware that anyone has ventured an explanation.

Few events in our history have been more pathetic than his parting. Everyone felt the break keenly. To have spent years with one whose company was always interesting, whose humor was of the richest and always flowing over, who never said an unkind word nor made a remark that could hurt, nor cherished a resentment; who could never be disagreeable nor refuse any kind of service

were taken on the morning of  
 June 1, 1791, the first of which  
 was taken at the house of the  
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 of the second set of the river was  
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that was asked of him; who, always forgetful of himself, was ever ready to see what was best for others; whose outstanding ability seemed to have the one effect of making him more humble and more gracious to others — to feel that now the privilege of such companionship was at an end, was shock to cast enduring gloom over the entire community.

So it was that at the end of June, 1890, after twelve years of academic and religious life, Patsy Langan returned to his father's farm. The happenings of his somewhat prolonged stay there are not recorded. But in 1893 or '94 he exchanged the quiet and seclusion of rural life for that of a Trappist. Trappists have no history — at least

There was a great deal of talk about the  
 growth of slavery, and some people  
 were afraid that it would be the  
 cause of the war. But the  
 people of the North were not  
 so much interested in the  
 question of slavery as the  
 people of the South. They  
 were more interested in the  
 question of the rights of  
 the States. They were  
 more interested in the  
 question of the rights of  
 the States than in the  
 question of the rights of  
 the people.

It was not until the year 1850  
 that the people of the North  
 began to feel the effects of  
 the Fugitive Slave Law. The  
 people of the North were  
 not so much interested in  
 the question of the rights of  
 the States as the people of  
 the South. They were more  
 interested in the question of  
 the rights of the people. They  
 were more interested in the  
 question of the rights of the  
 people than in the question  
 of the rights of the States.

as far as the world knows. Patsy's term there was not long --- perhaps not more than five or six years; he was called to his eternal reward.

"Consummatus in brevi explevit multa tempora".

(Transcribed from The Year Book of St. Michael's College in the University of Toronto, v. 22 (1931) p. 17-18. This eulogy was written by Father M.V. Kelly who entered the Beaconsfield Novitiate in 1887, two years after Mr. Langan.)

He was an excellent speaker, and his  
words were full of sense and feeling.  
He was also a very good writer, and his  
letters are full of interest and  
information. He was a very kind  
man, and his friends were very  
many.

He was born on the 18th of September  
1709, at Lichfield, in the County of  
Stafford. He was the son of a  
minister, and he was educated at  
Lichfield School. He was a very  
good student, and he was very  
popular with his friends.

He was a very good man, and his  
life was very interesting. He was  
a very good writer, and his letters  
are full of interest and information.  
He was a very kind man, and his  
friends were very many. He was a  
very good student, and he was very  
popular with his friends. He was a  
very good man, and his life was very  
interesting. He was a very good  
writer, and his letters are full of  
interest and information. He was a  
very kind man, and his friends were  
very many.

"May I be worthy, O Lord, so to wear the maniple of tears and sorrow, that with joy I may receive the reward of my labours." (Prayers vesting for Mass)

In December, 1903, a young man of this parish and of this college was ordained a priest and celebrated his First Mass in this Church to the joy of his family and of the whole parish. Today, thirty years later, he is brought back, we may say, for a Last Mass, amid a sorrowing group much wider than the parish, wider than the religious family to which he belonged, a group that includes old classmates and students, former parishioners of his, and many others to whom he has been a friend. His father and mother, to whom God has given length of years with many other gifts, who, thirty years ago came to the altar rail to receive that first blessing from his

When I was working, I found, as we were  
the principle of law and equity, and  
when I was teaching the school of  
the law, I was teaching the school of

In January, 1907, a young man of this  
world and of this college was admitted  
a student and celebrated his first year  
in this "house" as the joy of his family  
and of the whole nation. Today, thirty  
years later, he is a young man, as we  
say, for a last time, and a student  
from this time to the next, when  
then the religious family to which he  
belonged, a group that includes the  
disciplined and learned, from the  
discipline of his, and many others to  
whom he has been a friend. His father  
and mother, as well as his other family  
of years with many other friends, and  
thirty years ago to the first half  
the century that time passing from the

consecrated hands, are here today, and we gather about them in sympathy, intruding upon their grief to tell them that we share it.

The "tears and sorrow" which are ours today have been forced upon us against our will. They are the protest of our human nature against something which we regard as evil, something we would not have. And yet by one of the strange paradoxes of Christian life, "tears and sorrow" were prayed for daily by the departed priest, and by all priests, as something good, something of which they declare themselves unworthy. Every time a priest vests for Mass he whispers the humble prayer: "May I be worthy, O Lord, so to wear the maniple of tears and sorrows, that with joy I may receive



the reward of my labour." He knows that it hath been promised that "they who sow in tears shall reap in joy" but the reason for his prayer is deeper than that. Tears and sorrows are the sign of death and lead to death. Indeed the life of a priest is a kind of pre-occupation with death. The reason is because the priesthood with which he is endowed is the priesthood of Christ. There is but one priesthood, because a priest is a mediator between God and man, and as St. Paul tells us, there is but one Mediator between God and man, Jesus Christ. The priests of the New Law are therefore such, not of themselves, but by reason of their intimate union with the great high priest, whose priesthood they share. What words



shall express the nearness of the priest to Christ? He is called the ambassador of Christ, the friend of Christ, yea, even another Christ: "Sacerdos alter Christus" wrote St. Paul, "the priest is another Christ."

Now the priesthood of Christ, unique in every way, is especially so in this, that He offered Himself as Victim. He is both priest and victim. He offered Himself to God in the Vestment of our Manhood, and when he put on that vestment he accepted tears and sorrow as His chosen lot from the beginning. To share the Priesthood of Christ is, then, not merely to offer in union with Him the sacrifice of Calvary, but to be in union with Him the victim of that sacrifice. Doubtless the merits of Christ



are infinite and therefore more than sufficient. Doubtless the self-denial, the death-in-life of the priest is not needed. But nothing short of it will fulfill the divine plan. Nothing short of it will make him another Christ who was both the one who offered the sacrifice of the New Law and the victim who was sacrificed. To the priest it is given to say with St. Paul, "I fill up in my flesh what is wanting to the sufferings of Christ."

There are many signs that such is the case. One of them is the fact that in the Mass the priest offers bread and wine. These elements represent life because they sustain life, and in offering them the priest symbolically offers

and therefore the question was then

settled. Therefore the settlement

the same as the one in the

same. The whole matter is still

settled the same as before. There is

no more to be said about it.

There is no more to be said about it.

There is no more to be said about it.

There is no more to be said about it.

There is no more to be said about it.

There is no more to be said about it.

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There is no more to be said about it.

There is no more to be said about it.

There is no more to be said about it.

his own life, placing it, as it were, in the chalice of sacrifice. And as the bread and wine, in themselves weak and needy elements, are transubstantiated into the infinitely worthy Body and Blood of Christ, so the life of the priest offered in symbol is caught up, as it were, into the life of Christ and clothed with its infinite value. The tears of the priest are nothing in themselves, but they are something when mingled with the tears of Christ in the ocean of His sorrow.

The life of the priest, then, is properly said to be a pre-occupation with death. Does he not, daily, at Holy Mass, "show forth the death of the Lord until He come"? This is the great purpose to which his life is dedicated. And into harmony with this does he not



bring his personal life? Does he not die to the world and to family affections? These deaths he voluntarily accepts as his chosen lot. But he is called to more than this: the Heart of His Divine Master yearns for more than this. These are external sacrifices. He must do more. He must die to self. He must rend his heart as well as his garments. He must accept the trials that come to him in the normal course of his life, and count them blessings, and pray to be worthy of them. And if he is true to the spirit of his calling he will do even more. He will seek a larger share of these trials in order to be more like his Crucified Master.

Such is, in outline, the life of an ideal priest. Shall I say it is a por-



trait of Father Murphy? That would be a daring thing to say about any priest. Rather let me say that God gave him the grace to be a very good priest. The sacrifice involved in his vocation he gladly accepted. The sacrifice involved in his priesthood he cherished whole-heartedly. The crosses which came to him, and they were not a few, were, we doubt not, transmitted into crowns. Did he not pray to be worthy of them every time he vested for Mass? He was not a robust man, yet few, if any, heard him complain. How thorough and capable he was! Few priests held so many responsible positions in the same number of years. People often wonder why men far from robust are able to accomplish what they do. Is it not be-

Continued — (The following is a

series of letters written by the

author during the last few years.

These letters are now being

published in a very small volume.

The author is now in his

eighty-third year, and is still

very active in his work.

The following are some of the

letters which have been

published in this volume.

The first letter is dated

1881, and the last is dated

1901. The letters are

all written in a very

simple and direct style.

The author is now in his

eighty-third year, and is

still very active in his

work. The following are

some of the letters which

cause they are saintly men? Is it not because God works in them and through them? So, I dare say, it was with Father Murphy.

This being so, does he need our prayers? Most assuredly yes. It is not praise he wants, but prayers. Such is his mute appeal to us today. To the priest especially the Holy <sup>U</sup>host gives to understand the awful holiness of God, and the terrible malice of sin. It is because he is so deeply conscious of sin that he craves penance as something good of which he does not feel worthy. It is because he is conscious of sin that he prays to be worthy to bear the mantle of tears and sorrow.



That life-long prayer of our dear departed confere, let us continue in his name today and in the days to come, so that he may receive in God's own good time the reward of his labours.

(Transcribed from TheThurible, the year book of St. Michael's College in the University of Toronto. v. 24 (1933) p. 10, 134, 135, 137, 143. This sermon was preached in St. Basil's Church, Toronto, by Father E.J. McCorkell who was then Master of Novices.)

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For in all things Thou didst magnify Thy servant, O Lord, and didst honour him and didst not despise him, but did assist him at all times and in every place. Wisdom, 19th Chapter.

My earliest memory of Father Murray dates back sixty-four years when he and I were students in dear old St. Michael's College then under the presidency of the saintly and scholarly Father Soulerin. "Ed", as he was familiarly and affectionately called by us all, is, I believe, the only one now living of the charter boys taught by the Basilian Fathers away back in 1855. The temporary headquarters of the College were then fixed in the north wing of St. Michael's Palace. In September 1855, the cornerstone of the group of buildings now known as St. Michael's College was laid and in the following

For the first time since the  
the morning, I felt, and I felt  
and I felt and I felt and I felt  
and I felt and I felt and I felt  
and I felt and I felt and I felt

My first memory of the first  
years back into the years when he  
and I were students in the old  
Michael's College then under the  
history of the school and especially  
Lester Goodwin, who was the  
liberal and almost entirely  
he all, is, I believe, the only one  
the living of the present day  
by the Michael's College  
1933. The necessary equipment of  
the College were then found in the  
of the Michael's College. In 1933  
1933, the members of the group  
of students were then on Michael's  
College was laid out in the following

year the main building was completed, possession taken and classes opened.

When, in 1858, I was enrolled as a student Ed. Murray was among the first to warmly shake my hand and welcome me to St. Michael's. My recollection of him now is that of a graceful, refined and warm-hearted young fellow already acclimated to the temperature of College life, and I again recall him as a grown up, slender boy — almost a young man — who radiated cheerfulness and good fellowship. No one could have known him in those delightful days without being attracted by his grace of person, his sincerity and candor and his gracious personality. His guilelessness, the innocence and joyousness of his hourly life and his insistence for a square

from the time he left the school, and he was  
 afterwards sent to the school again.

There, in 1795, I was admitted as a

student. Mr. Johnson was then the first

to receive me into his school and to

be his teacher. He was then at

the end of a year, and he

was then at the end of a year.

He was then at the end of a year.

He was then at the end of a year.

He was then at the end of a year.

He was then at the end of a year.

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He was then at the end of a year.

deal in sports and competitions made him a general favorite with all the boys. Even then, his moral scrupulousness and truthfulness — virtues by no means exceptional among the students — were perhaps more conspicuous in Ed. Murray because they were more emphasized and accentuated in his daily intercourse with us all.

Perhaps, it was that Ed. was always master of his physical and mental equilibrium that the younger boys looked up to him and entertained a sort of mystical affection for him. Eheu! fugaces labuntur anni. What a splendid body of moral, clean-limbed and well-built young fellows were scattered over the campus in those days and what an exemplary staff of priests and professors moulded

and in order to be successful in  
the general market — the only way  
to do this, the only way to  
succeed and prosper — is to  
be able to sell the goods  
— very few have succeeded in this  
— many because they have not  
— and succeeded in the end —  
however it is all.

There, it was said, was always  
a matter of his physical and mental  
strength and the power to stand up  
to his and overcome a more or less  
obstacle to his. That is the  
only way. When a man's body is  
weak, mind-limited and well-to-do  
fellow were concerned with the  
in those days and that is exactly  
what of business and professions needed

our characters and trained our young minds. And since those early times, too, what a long and honourable procession of stalwart, healthy young men has passed out through the doors of St. Michael's College to do battle in church and state for Christianity, for truth, for justice, and for righteousness.

When Edmund Murray acting on the advice of his spiritual director, entered as a member of the Basilian Community and was ordained to the priesthood, secular society lost a lovable character and the Basilian Fathers gained a devout, faithful priest — a pearl of great price.

Father Murray retains in the evening of his life and the night of his priesthood

and character and feeling and young  
 glow. And since those early days,  
 the, with a long and honorable pro-  
 ceeding of wisdom, wisely young and  
 has passed on through the days of his  
 Richard's College as he passed in youth,  
 and after for wisdom, for truth,  
 the justice, and for righteousness.

When Richard Henry met the father  
 of his spiritual director, married as a  
 member of the British Community and  
 was united to his betrothed, feeling  
 deeply that a happy character and  
 the British father gained a son,  
 Richard's father — a great and great  
 friend.

Richard Henry remains in the service of  
 his life and the light of his betrothed

all the courtesy and affability, all the brightness of disposition and amiability of manner which in his boyhood days, made him a favourite with professors and students.

Unfortunately few among us appreciate the influence for good of the sympathetic and kindly priest and his matchless place in society. The isolation of his life, his separation from the social and political activities of the community outside him and his priestly reticence constitute a bar to a thorough knowledge of his superior qualities.

Having been for more than sixty years on a plane of intimacy with dear Father Murray, I recall many characteristic words of encouragement and acts of ben-

His own country and his friends, and  
 the influence of his education and his  
 habits of study, which in his opinion  
 were, and still are, his greatest  
 resources and strength.

He was naturally for and against  
 the influence of good and bad  
 habits and study, and his habits  
 were good in every way. The influence  
 of his life, his education from the  
 school and his political education at the  
 academy, which was his greatest  
 resource, consisted in his own strength  
 and knowledge of his own mind.

Having been for more than thirty years  
 on a plane of industry with few  
 diversions, I could only observe  
 the effects of his industry and his habits.

evulence which the limitation of space does not permit me to record. No friend may write of another without feeling that his affection fails in accurate expression. At best, a kindly spoken or written appreciation can only be an imperfect portrait in words, and however commendatory it may be, yet, it wants the rich colour, the soft shading, and the touch of the many nameless graces which in early manhood win our affections. Ever since the happy day of his ordination Father Murray has been a benediction to those with whom his priestly duties brought him into association. Everywhere and at all times his voice and the touch of his hand have brought comfort to those who mourn, courage to the faltering, peace to those

explosion which has taken place of space

and has become the present. It

is not only a matter of time

but also of space. It is

not only a matter of time

but also of space. It is

not only a matter of time

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not only a matter of time

in trouble and strength to the weak. There are hundreds in this city whose labours have been cheered, whose sorrows have been assuaged and lives made better and brighter by his friendly advice, by the charm of his person and by the fascination of his manner. Those alone who have experienced the touch of his friendly hand, who understand the union between his heart and the soul of his faith, and realize the fusion of his human sympathies with supernatural virtues may appreciate the influence his character, his unostentatious goodness, his urbanity, even his kindly presence have had upon their lives.

There is about his priestly, daily life a genuine, earnest tone of practical piety and a sincerity of address and

the circle and strength to the work.

There was a certain in this life when

before have been known, and not

from that point onwards and lives and

before and together in the history

which, by the view of the person and

by the testimony of his name. There

also who have witnessed the birth of

his history, and who understand the

which between his heart and the soul of

his heart, and within the heart of

his heart, and within the heart of

which may represent the influence

his heart, and within the heart of

and, the history, even the history

history have had upon their lives.

There is about his history, and his

a history, and within the heart of

and a history of history and

manner charming to everyone privileged to call him a friend. Indeed, among the many and pleasing attributes of his attractive personality are manly piety, deep veneration, loyalty to his friends and love for everything Catholic. It may be said of him that which an acquaintance wrote of Father Frederick Faber: "I cannot tell why, but he fascinates everybody."

Knowing Father Murray and enjoying his confidence for many years, I am free to state that to him St. Michael's College is the happiest place out of heaven, to whose members he is united by the deepest ties of affection and by the memories of the difficulties the Basilian Fathers encountered and conquered in the pioneer days of the College. All of us,

before, and he was very kind to me.

He was a very kind man, and he was

very kind to me, and he was very kind

to me, and he was very kind to me.

He was very kind to me, and he was very kind

to me, and he was very kind to me.

He was very kind to me, and he was very kind

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He was very kind to me, and he was very kind

to me, and he was very kind to me.

He was very kind to me, and he was very kind

who know and love him, hope and pray that when the hour of his dissolution has passed his name will be found among those elect souls, those "rich men in virtue, whose memory is in benediction and whose remembrance shall be sweet as honey in every mouth and as music at a banquet of wine."

(Eccli. 64, 45-49)

(Transcribed from The Year Book of St. Michael's College, v. 13 (1922) p. 19-20). This tribute was written by the Rev. Dean W.R. Harris, priest and author in the Archdiocese of Toronto. The occasion was the Golden Jubilee of Father Murray's ordination.

was made that day, but the day  
 when the day of the discussion  
 was passed his name will be found  
 among those who were, those who  
 were in the day, those who were in  
 the day, those who were in the  
 day, those who were in the day,  
 shall be found in every day,  
 and we shall be a day of the day.

(Total. 11, 11-11)

(Transcribed from the Long Book of 11  
 (11-11) v. 11 (11-11) v. 11-  
 11. This volume was written by the  
 Rev. Canon W. E. Harris, who was  
 in the day of the day. The  
 volume was the day of the day  
 of the day, the day of the day.

"He shall be like a tree which is planted near the running waters, which shall bring forth its fruit in due season." (Psalm 1)

We become familiar during the Christmas cycle with the spectacle of servants of Christ of every variety and type clinging as it were to His crib, dying gloriously because He had been born. St. Stephen, the wearer of the first martyr's crown, John who shared His Master's intimate secrets and with flaming pen recorded them for us, the Holy Innocents who were sacrificed because they resembled Christ and in fact might be He. Thomas of Canterbury the defender of age-old things that are not Caesar's — what varied types they are in age and character and period of those whose lives have been gloriously fruitful because Christ, having been

the shell is like a white shell is  
 placed over the opening of the shell  
 still being used for this is the  
 reason. (Larkin)

the same (Larkin) being the same

see also with the same of the same

at the end of every sentence and type

beginning as it was in the end, being

beginningly because the end is the same

the same, the same as the same

beginning's end, then the same the

beginning's end is the same and the

beginning has been the same for us, the

beginning has been the same

beginning has been the same and the

beginning has been the same of the same

beginning's end - the same as the same

beginning's end is the same and the same

beginning's end is the same and the same

beginning's end is the same, having been

born in the world, it was their lot in different ways and times emphatically to say so. They are representatives in every age and generation of men whose lives derive their whole importance from their relationship to Christ, a circumstance which is in fact symbolized by the concurrence of their festivals with the feast of the Nativity. What would Stephen have been, what would John have been, what would the Holy Innocents have been, what would Thomas have been without their relationship to Christ? Let history tell, history which wraps in endless night the names of the great men who lived before Agamemnon:

"Our little systems have their day;  
They have their day and cease to be."

But because of their relationship with Christ these names have been snatched



from oblivion: these men, yea, even these babes, have been made a power in their own day and remain so in ours for the guidance of men and the glory of God. Of them, and of their types alone may it be said that their lives have not been fruitless.

The Scriptures of the Old Law had already predicted the potency of this relationship with Christ in the words of my text under the figure of a tree which is planted beside the running waters. Such a tree radiates glory, it affords a shelter, it gives fruit in due season, because it is near the source of beauty, and strength and productiveness. In the same way, the man of God mounts to full stature and does his work because he drinks from that



fountain of water springing up to life eternal, which Christ gives him to drink at the living well of Jacob.

One of the captains of the Army of Christ who for this reason grew to considerable stature in a comparatively short life was the priest at whose last sad obsequies we assist today. The mourning is indeed widespread. It is not only we who are crowded into this Church today who mourn him; not only the members of his own family to whom he was a guardian angel, and with whom we deeply sympathize today; not only the members of his religious family, the Basilian Fathers, who can ill afford to lose him; but many clergy and religious and people in this populous centre, and students of this great college, now



scattered to their homes, and students of St. Michael's in Toronto, his own college, and old boys of both these Colleges throughout Ontario, New York, Ohio and Michigan are one with us who are here in mourning the passing of a great teacher and a great priest.

I must ask you to pardon me for speaking but briefly of his work at Assumption College and in Windsor. I know that he was a valuable member of your staff, that his spiritual influence was great among the students and among the Religious of this district to whom he gave so many conferences and retreats. I know that he was giving intellectual leadership here by his maturing scholarship. I am certain that his name will be written inextricably into the texture of your

connected to every branch, and objects  
of all kinds in the world, his was  
collected, and his hope of being  
collected, and his hope of being  
collected, and his hope of being  
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collected, and his hope of being  
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collected, and his hope of being

I have not yet been to the  
his fatherly at his house at  
College and in Windsor. I have  
was a valuable member of your  
that his spiritual influence was great  
among the students and among the  
of this district as well as in my  
conference and society. I have  
he was giving intellectual instruction  
not by his natural abilities. I am  
certain that his work will be  
invaluable to the cause of your

great tradition. But I ask you to concede St. Michael's prior claim upon him; St. Michael's who claims him for her own; and where I am able to speak of him from personal knowledge as a student, as a teacher, as a priest and as an administrator. I think that I may safely say he was extraordinary in every one of these roles. He was one of those students that you always remember; and this not for any one thing, but for that ensemble of things which go to make up the life of a student. Especially is he remembered as a teacher, one of those teachers the Old Students always inquire about. "Where is Father Bellisle now?" How many times have I answered that question during the last few years! He had, I think, extraordinary personal influence over boys. I have known boys



whose whole life has been changed by contact with Father Bellisle for a few months. One reason for this was the extraordinary degree to which he retained the spirit of a boy himself. His gay, carefree, rippling laughter was a familiar sound in the corridors of St. Michael's. One of the great triumphs of his personal influence was the retreat which he preached to the St. Michael's students last year. His arrival seemed like a homecoming after a few years absence, but it proved a farewell.

It is perhaps true that the history of a college is the biography of a few great teachers on its staff. One of these in the case of St. Michael's would be Father Bellisle.

He was a competent Superior. He had,



among other gifts, the rather rare one of saying No and sticking to it. He had spiritual insight, and he had vision and courage. If St. Michael's is a large college and not a small one today, if it is therefore able to undertake a building program, if it is able to do something for Catholic scholarship, it is in no small measure the work of Father Bellisle, during those years when he was in charge of its destiny.

What is the secret of his extraordinary influence? It will be said that he was a gifted teacher because he had ability, he worked hard and his heart was in his work. All these things are true, but they are not the whole truth. The whole truth is that he was also a pious priest. You were impressed by him be-

December 11 - 1891

Dear Mr. [Name],

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst.

and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Yours,  
[Signature]

It is my duty to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Yours,  
[Signature]

I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Yours,  
[Signature]

I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Yours,  
[Signature]

I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Yours,  
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I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
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I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
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I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
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[Signature]

I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Yours,  
[Signature]

I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Yours,  
[Signature]

cause you felt that were dealing with a deeply religious man. It is the tree beside the running waters that brings forth its fruit in due season. Such a tree is a triumph of nature because it is in vital contact with a living stream. The living stream in Father Bellisle's case was his priesthood which in his case was not a separate thing, but permeated and suffused with its glow every part of his life. The intimate relationship with Christ which is the privilege and glory of the priesthood, he cultivated zealously; he laboured to be worthy of it; he placed it first and all other gifts were added unto him. This was the secret of his power for good; this is the lesson of his life for his brother-Basilians and for his brother priests everywhere.

and the first of his works, the *Life of Johnson*, was published in 1791.

It is the first of his works, and it is the first of his works.

It is the first of his works, and it is the first of his works.

It is the first of his works, and it is the first of his works.

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It is the first of his works, and it is the first of his works.

It is the first of his works, and it is the first of his works.

It is the first of his works, and it is the first of his works.

It is the first of his works, and it is the first of his works.

And now he is gone from us leaving us with a deep sense of loss. His going was at Christmastide with Stephe and John and the Holy Innocents and Thomas of Canterbury, and the representatives of those who in every age and clime have, through faith in the Incarnation, given themselves wholeheartedly to Christ, even unto death. Father Bellisle celebrated Mass, the mystery of faith, on Christmas Day for the first time in many weeks and it proved to be his last. He came to the crib to make his last act of faith. May his noble priestly soul rest in peace!

(Transcribed from the preacher's manuscript. Father E.J. McCorkell, then Superior of St. Michael's College, preached this sermon at the funeral of Father Bellisle in Assumption Church, Windsor, on December 30, 1938)

And now we have seen the history of  
 which a deep sense of loss. The going  
 and at the same time with a sense of  
 loss and the self-impunity and the  
 of the history, and the representative  
 of the life in every age and every land,  
 through time to the present, the  
 themselves wholeheartedly to the  
 even into death. The history of the  
 world, the history of the world, the  
 history of the world for the first time in the  
 world and it must be the last. The  
 world to the end to make the last end of  
 the world. The world is the world of the world  
 in the world.

Transcribed from the author's manuscript.  
 Copyright, 1911, by E.S. McGowan, then  
 Robert W. McGowan's College,  
 printed and printed at the University of  
 the University of the University of the  
 University, on December 30, 1911.

"I spoke of Thy testimonies before kings, and I was not ashamed." (Ps.118, 46)

It was but the thinking of a moment to choose a text for a sermon on this sad occasion. As I offered the Holy Sacrifice for the soul of Father McGahey on Monday morning on hearing of his death, I was struck by the opening words of the Mass: "I spoke of Thy testimonies before kings, and I was not ashamed." The words were applied by the Church to the career of St. Francis Xavier, whose feast it was, but they describe excellently the role of the priest in the world, and there is a special fitness about their application to the priestly life of Father McGahey.

It is about the priesthood we think and its purpose among men rather than

"I spoke of my condition before  
 then, and I was not ashamed."

It was not the thinking of a moment to  
 know I was for a woman in this and  
 situation. As I uttered the only word  
 for the soul of Father Henry  
 Henry, knowing no heart of his heart,  
 I was struck by the opening words of  
 the book: "I spoke of my condition  
 before then, and I was not ashamed."  
 The words were uttered by the Church  
 in the name of St. Francis Xavier,  
 when Jesus is not, but they breathe  
 essentially the words of the priest in  
 the world, and there is a special dis-  
 tinction about their condition as the  
 priestly life of Father Henry.

It is now the priesthood of the  
 and the purpose of the priestly life.

about death itself, when we are stirred deeply by the death of a priest. A man dies but he is also a priest. The man carried the treasure of the priesthood in an earthen vessel, but now that the storm of life is over and the vessel of clay lies broken, we think deeply what it means to be a priest.

"I spoke of Thy testimonies before kings, and I was not ashamed." Yes, it is the life of a priest to give testimony to Christ. He is a witness of Christ in the world. He preaches Christ and Him crucified. He teaches men of every nation to observe whatsoever Christ commanded. He rises to the full stature of his office as a witness of Christ when he offers daily the sac-



rifice of Christ upon the cross. He is a living witness that the Christ of Bethlehem, of Nazareth and of Calvary is still in the world.

He must be a witness to Christ in his private life. As, St. Paul puts it, he must "put on Christ". He must endeavor to be a holy man. He must lead a dedicated life. He must be a man of prayer. It is from the spiritual powerhouse of prayer that he draws the energy to be a public influence, and a public influence he must inevitably be, for he has to be a witness to Christ before men. The Divine Master called those whom He first named to the apostolate the light of the world and the salt of the earth; a light for the guidance of men, and a salt for their preservation from sin. It is from a

William of Orange upon the crown. He  
 is a living witness that the Dutch  
 nation, of Holland and of Belgium  
 is still in the world.

He must be a witness to Orange in his  
 private life. At 62, he is 27,  
 he must "be a witness". He must be  
 a witness to his own life. He must be  
 a witness to his own life. He must be a  
 witness. In the face of the world's  
 power and power must be done the  
 duty to be a public witness, and a  
 public witness he must be. He must  
 for he has to be a witness to the  
 world. The Dutch nation called  
 upon him to first stand in the spot-  
 light the light of the world and the  
 light of the world; a light for the  
 light of the world, and a light for the  
 world. He is from a

life of prayer that the priest draws oil for his lamp and savor for his salt, and thus becomes an effective witness for Christ among men.

He must be a witness to Christ in the busy life of the crowded city, and in the comparative quiet of the country parish. He must be a witness of Christ in the university, in the labor forum, in the business and financial world, in the world of sport, in social and political life. He must confront the frigid stare of the bigot and the corrosive ridicule of the agnostic, and the irritating indifference of the worldling with the same courage with which the fishermen of Galilee confronted a hostile pagan world and won it to Christ. The world needs his message but



it will not listen. That message in the beginning was a stumbling block to the Jews and foolishness to the Gentiles. It is still these things to many, but the priest must preach it boldly before kings and be not ashamed.

Father McGahey brought remarkable talents to bear upon his witness to Christ. It is hardly possible to speak of him without dealing in superlatives. His record as a student at Riverdale Collegiate is remembered there still. His achievement as an undergraduate at St. Michael's will challenge comparison with any in its long history. In the classroom, in the students' parliament, on the campus he was one of the all-time greats. His choice of a vocation was made late in his course, but



with characteristic generosity. He would be a witness to Christ in the manifold activities of the College where he found his vocation. He joined the Congregation of St. Basil. Few Basilians have had such varied assignments. He taught in High School and in College. He could make a class in grammar interesting and even fascinating, and a class in philosophy stimulating. He was Principal of the High School here in his first year out of the Seminary. He was in charge of the mission of Chatsworth in the Owen Sound Parish, and he stirred the place to its depths. He was Newman Hall chaplain at the University of Illinois and later at the University of Saskatchewan. In the latter place he probably did his most



enduring work. There will be much sorrow there to hear of his death. He was also an Army chaplain but had to retire in broken health. I suspect that the Army would rather have lost a General.

In all these fields he was a valuable witness to Christ, and it is difficult to exaggerate what he might have accomplished if he could have brought under control his enormous energy. As it was he accomplished more in his fifteen years in the priesthood than most do in a much longer life. It is safe to say that there is no line of work attempted by him, whether teaching, preaching, parish work, Newman Club work, or organized sport on which he has not left an enduring mark.

He never lacked courage to be a witness



to Christ in public. Few men in my knowledge have equalled him in this respect. In the smoker of a train he would speedily become the leader in discussion and generally on a subject of philosophy of religion. It was the same in the faculty common room of the University. It was the same in the Officers' Mess. The medical men there would have their skepticism about a human soul put to a severe test if they flaunted it before him. The psychiatrists would be tied in knots by a master in their own subject. Yet he was never merely provocative and controversial, and seldom failed to win friends among those who differed from him. I believe he was at his very best in these private conversations about

be better in public. The man is by  
 himself have applied him in this  
 respect. In the course of a week he  
 would usually become the leader in  
 discussion and generally on a subject  
 of philosophy or religion. It was his  
 aim in our terms to make use of the  
 University. It was his aim to be  
 Oxford's man. The school was his  
 world have their attention fixed on  
 him and not on a system that is  
 changed in before him. The people  
 should be fixed in him by a  
 man in their own subject. The man  
 was never merely speculative and con-  
 versational, and seldom failed to find  
 friends among those who differed from  
 him. I believe he was of his very best  
 in these private conversations about

Philosophy and Religion, and he was the more effective in that he was always the priest.

His death in early middle life is a great loss to the Basilian Fathers. We are grateful for the many messages of sympathy from far and near. We are grateful to the Archbishop for coming to sing the funeral Mass. We extend our sympathy to his sorrowing family — to his father and sisters, for whom his death is a tragedy, and to all his relatives who will miss very much his interesting, friendly visits, which, though all too rare, were deeply appreciated.

Let us, then, his conferees in religion, his relatives, his friends in the diocesan clergy, in the university, in the

William was looking, and he was  
 the more attentive in that he was  
 always the former.

His death in early middle life is a  
 great loss to the family. He  
 was grateful for his own escape of  
 poverty from the war. He was  
 grateful to the Archbishop for coming  
 to him the funeral home. He was  
 very anxious to his surviving family —  
 to his father and mother, for whom his  
 death is a tragedy, and to all his re-  
 latives who will share very much the in-  
 terest, friendly visit, and  
 though all are very, very deeply  
 concerned.

Let us, then, his mother in religion,  
 his relatives, his friends in the dis-  
 tance, in the university, in the

world of sport, in the many homes of students throughout Canada and beyond — let us sympathize with each other, for we have a great sorrow, but let us not forget to pray today and for many days to come that his sojourn in Purgatory may be short, and that he may soon come to eternal rest. His energy was so great in life that he seldom found genuine relaxation or normal rest. Eternal rest we pray will be his in God's own good time, and we hope for it the more firmly because I believe he can in all humility and sincerity say to the Eternal Judge: "I spoke of Thy testimonies before kings and I was not ashamed."

(Transcribed from the preacher's manuscript. Sermon preached by Father E.J. McCorkell, then Superior General, at the funeral of Father J.E. McGahey in St. Basil's Church, Toronto, 1945)



"Amen, Amen, I say to you, unless the grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it remains alone. But if it die, it brings forth much fruit."  
(Jn. 12, 24-25)

I wish, first of all, to thank His Eminence, the Cardinal, for coming to celebrate a Pontifical Requiem, and our friends of the diocesan clergy here and elsewhere, and the laity, and visitors, clerical and lay from Detroit and Rochester for coming to pray with us and mourn with us the death of a confrere whom we loved, revered, and leaned heavily upon: one who has been so much a part of our history during the past quarter century that with his passing we feel a chapter in our story has come to an abrupt end. We are naturally plunged in grief. The hand of the Lord has touched us. But a divine visitation

There, then, I say to you, unless the  
 spirit of those who have the power  
 and the, in various ways, that it is  
 also, is what we must have.  
 (See, 12, 13-14)

I also, then, of all, to think that we

know, the Capital, for which we

believe a beautiful building, and we

believe of the highest class, and we

believe, and the fact, and the fact,

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is always for our good, and the good we derive, it seems to me, from an experience of this kind, from the death of a priest which stirs us deeply, is a new insight into the mystery of the priesthood. The priesthood does not die. It is a treasure which we carry in vessels of clay, but when the storm of life is over, and the vessel of clay is broken, the priesthood does not die. It is everlasting because it is the priesthood of the eternal God.

Nevertheless there is a sense in which the priesthood is itself a kind of death. Our Lord said: "Unless the grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it remains alone. But if it die, it brings forth much fruit." These words

is always for our good, and the good  
 we receive, it seems to us, from an in-  
 visible source of divine light, from the breath  
 of a spirit which fills us deeply, is  
 a new insight into the mystery of the  
 universe. The universe then is  
 life. It is a universe which we carry  
 in vessels of clay, and when the vessel  
 of life is gone, and the vessel of clay  
 is broken, the spirit which then was life  
 is re-vested in a new vessel as in the  
 resurrection of the natural body.

Resurrection comes in a sense in which  
 the resurrection is itself a form of  
 death. Our body with its senses and its  
 of sense fall into the ground and die,  
 it remains dead, but it is life, is  
 with forth with itself. "From within

were spoken in prophecy. They were perfectly fulfilled in the death of Christ and its tremendous consequences. The death of Christ redeemed the world. The death of Christ brought forth abundant life.

But they are also fulfilled in every disciple of Christ who rises to the full stature of his calling. They are fulfilled in the saint. The saint dies to self in order that he may live unto Christ. St. John the Baptist expressed it perfectly when, referring to Christ, he said: He must increase but I must decrease." What St. John foresaw and described as taking place before the eyes of men has its counterpart in the inner life of the Christian soul. Self must yield to Christ in the new life

best of us in our way. They are

perfectly satisfied in the work of

God and the Christian community.

The work of God is not the work of

the world as a whole, but the work of

God.

But they are also satisfied in every

thing of God and the work of God.

They are not

satisfied in the work of God. They are not

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into which a man is born by baptism, and the extent of the yielding as time goes on determines the degree of growth in holiness. Religious profession initiates a more abundant growth. It is, so to speak, a fresh start towards sainthood. Ordination presupposes a considerable advance. The priest is indeed called to an exceptional degree of holiness, and his fidelity to that call will be the measure of his influence for good in the world. The extent to which his ordination involves a death to worldly ambition, the extent to which it is a self-effacement will determine how close he is to come to the ideal of the Divine Master.

St. Paul describes the priests of the



Early Church in terms of this double process of putting off self and putting on Christ. And he is never more eloquent than in describing how the human feebleness of the minister of the New Law is invigorated by the power of Christ. "Let us", he said, "exhibit ourselves as ministers of God ... as unknown and yet known, as dying and behold we live, as sorrowful yet always rejoicing, as needy yet enriching many, as having nothing, yet possessing all things." (II Cor. 6) And he goes on to glory in his infirmity that the power of Christ may dwell in him.

Self-effacement, then, is the badge and token of the true priest. It is the secret of his effectiveness in exercising the powers of his high office. It is



the clue to his influence in the world.

Since this is the case we have here the explanation of the exceptional influence exercised by the priest whose loss we mourn today. The career of Father Daniel Dillon as a whole has been marked by the giving up of what he had set his heart upon, what he seemed qualified and destined for. Born in Texas of parents who had migrated from the North, one of his earliest dreams was to become a priest to help the Church in his native State. The Church was still pioneering there sixty years ago. He was probably the first native vocation in Texas; certainly his was the first Basilian vocation. He wanted to help in Texas the priests from Toronto who had gone there in the missionary spirit

the day of his departure to the north.  
 When this is the case we have seen the  
 influence of the magnetic influence  
 exerted by the planet upon the  
 earth itself. The power of the planet  
 has been as a whole has been noticed  
 by the living up to what he has his  
 heart open, and he cannot realize  
 and develop it. Now in fact it  
 persons who had turned from the north  
 one of the earliest human was to become  
 a part of his life in his  
 native state. The North was still  
 present there about four ago. He  
 was probably the first native resident  
 in fact; certainly his was the first  
 settled residence. It would be his  
 in fact the first time that he  
 was ever there in the settlement of his

to serve the Church. He did not foresee that but five of his thirty-two years in the priesthood would be spent in his native State. Yet his dream was in fact realized. He served Texas indirectly. His vocation prompted others to follow his example, and thus served to keep the Basilian foothold there; and now forty-three Basilians are at work in that State with a parish, a high school, a mission field, and the beginnings of a College. From the tiny sapling which strove to send down its roots when he was a boy there has grown a sturdy tree. That the Basilian beginnings there survived a delicate infancy was due to him, but not in the way he planned. It is true he labored there personally for a few years, but

he wrote the French. He did not think

was that was the of the history—

years in the situation would be that

in his native state. For the town

was in that position. He never knew

himself. His position changed

often to follow his example, and then

never to have the British people

there; and one forty-three British

and as well in that state with a garden,

a high school, a school field, and the

position of a school. From the day

beginning which shows us what the

town was in was a big thing for the

a family house. From the British

perhaps there arrived a different

history was the to him, but in the

way he planned. It is true he intended

about personally for a few years, but

he was then called to a post of responsibility in the North and others entered into his labors in the South. There is a Scriptural proverb to the effect that man proposes but God disposes. God frequently approves the good we set out to do, but calls on others to do it, lest we take credit to ourselves. The good that Father Dillon set out to do was left for others to accomplish.

There was yet another way in which the future opening out before him was suddenly changed. He was a gifted administrator. He was already head of the Texas Basilians when he was but two years ordained. He was transferred to Assumption as Superior and piloted it through a difficult period. He led the Basilians when they established a High



School in Detroit, and laid the foundations of a great school there. In the meantime he had been elected a member of the General Council, and remained on it for the rest of his life. He seemed destined to become the head of every House in turn, when suddenly under the strain of the heavy Assumption debt during the depression, his health broke. Once again the whole pattern of his life was changed. Henceforth he could not assume the heavy responsibilities of administration. He had to retire to the role of Councillor, and to the comparative quiet of a Seminary professor.

But his really great work began, I believe when he probably thought (certainly many others thought) that it was ended.

school is better, and I am now  
 making a great school there. In  
 the morning he has been visiting a  
 number of the General Hospital, and the  
 school is the best of the kind.  
 He has been visiting the school  
 of every kind in town, and is now  
 under the care of the heavy machinery  
 shop during the afternoon, the school  
 house. Now again the school is  
 the best of the kind. The school is  
 now in the hands of the heavy machinery  
 shop of the school. He has been  
 visiting to the school of the school, and  
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 of the school.

He has been visiting the school of the school, and  
 the school of the school of the school  
 of the school.

It is again a case of man proposing, and God disposing. In his early years as a priest he could not have envisaged himself as a professor in the Seminary. He was not prepared for it in the usual way. Many of his contemporaries had been assigned after ordination to graduate studies. He could not be spared for that. The School in Texas was calling him. It needed him. His preparation for Seminary teaching was therefore the preparation of experience as a teacher and as a priest, grafted upon exceptional natural ability. He became an exceeding good teacher of Canon Law and Moral Theology. His influence on successive ordination classes during his twelve years at the Seminary was profound, and in that work he is simply irreplaceable.

It is quite a man of many properties,  
in the early years  
as a person he could not have imagined  
himself as a philosopher in the history.  
He was not prepared for it in the least  
and, that of his contemporaries had  
been regarded after a fashion of great  
and wisdom. He could not be of great  
use then. The school in France was call-  
ing him. It seemed him. His philosophy  
for humanity was not to be the same  
expression of experience as a teacher  
and as a person, gotten used to the  
natural ability. He found no exceeding  
good manner of doing his work  
himself. He followed an individual  
education which was his own  
years of his humanity was not, and  
it that work he is doing himself.

These years were not consecutive. At intervals he was drafted temporarily to stabilize a youthful administration in one of the schools. Thus he spent a few extra years in Detroit and Rochester. He was keenly interested in the Rochester foundation and dreamed of its great future. But he was interested in all the Houses. He realized more than most of us that in helping one House he was helping all of them, and he had an unusual detachment, so that it mattered less to him than to most Basilians where he was placed. In this respect he was a model for all.

Denied the opportunity to pursue graduate studies after ordination because he was needed in the school at Houston, denied the opportunity to devote himself

These years were not uneventful, in

fact, as was noted previously.

He received a medical education

from the school. Then he spent

three years in practice and then

three. He was finally returned to

the Worcester Hospital and became

of the great number. But he was later

sent to all the women. He realized

that when sent to the hospital

the house he was helping all of them

and he had no personal interest, so

that is natural from the time he

was called down he was glad. It

was because he was a model for all.

He was a model for all.

He was a model for all.

He was a model for all.

He was a model for all.

He was a model for all.

to the South because he was needed in the North, denied the opportunity to continue active leadership because his health was broken, he accepted the humbler roles of a teacher in the Seminary and a Councillor, and he was highly successful in both roles because he was a humble man, and God gives His grace to the humble. He was a good Councillor because he was a wise man. In our Seminary days we used to admire an aged confessor, now forgotten except by the oldest here, Father Daniel Cushing. He was a saintly and wise priest, and had great spiritual influence. It has often occurred to me that Father Daniel Dillon caught his spirit to a remarkable degree, and perpetuated it in our midst.



So I say that self-effacement marks the earthly career of Father Dillon. Examples of it punctuate the record of his life. He would not have admitted it as a virtue. He would say that it was imposed upon him by circumstances. But he was the kind of man whom Divine Providence could buffet for his good, because already in his heart he had uprooted every vestige of self.

"Unless the grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it remains alone." What a fine grain of wheat he was when he came to St. Basil's Novitiate in 1910 — of powerful physique, a fine student, a vigorous, active, ambitious young man with his plans to do something for God. These plans were to disinteg-

He I say that self-sufficiency was  
 the earthly career of Father William.  
 Example of it furnished the source  
 of his life. He would not have  
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 that it was imposed upon him by cir-  
 cumstances. He was the kind of  
 man whose life's experience could better  
 for his good, because already in his  
 heart he had received every teaching of  
 self.

When the crisis of death fell upon  
 the great man, he, too, was alone.  
 That a time given of which he was  
 as one to St. Basil's hospital in  
 1910 — at several intervals, a time  
 of silence, quiet, and reflection  
 found was with him as in the  
 for God. These things were to distinguish

rate, even that powerful frame was to lose its vigor all too soon. But out of the wreckage of his plans and of his health sprang a nobler crop than he had envisaged. And God granted him additional years that it might come to harvest. Those allotted years have now run their course. The granary is full, and the harvest's done. May he rest in peace.

(Transcribed from the preacher's manuscript. Sermon preached by Father E.J. McCorkell, then Superior General, in St. Basil's Church, Toronto, at the Funeral Mass for Father Daniel Dillon, 1948)



"The Grace of God, our Saviour, has dawned on human kind, schooling us to forego irreverent thoughts, and worldly appetites, and to live in this present world a life of order, of justice, and of holiness." Paul to Titus, 2, 11...

Those who first made the experiment of living the Christian life, whether priests or laymen, found the world instinctively opposed to them. It was a warfare they waged, and it was not merely a hot war that they faced, but, more dangerously, a cold war in the sense that the first conflict took place within themselves. They had to overcome the world in themselves before overcoming it in others. There had to be a personal victory before there could be an apostolate. St. Paul did not conceal from Titus who was, in fact, a bishop, that he had to offer to his flock the model of a life nobly lived: that his life

the time of his death, he was  
 almost blind, and his mind  
 was in a state of great  
 weakness, and he was in the  
 last stages of his illness.  
 He died on the 21st of  
 September, 1794, at the  
 age of 73.

His death was the subject of

much discussion at the time.

It was generally supposed that

he was in the last stages of

his illness, and that he was

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his illness, and that he was

in a state of great weakness.

He died on the 21st of

had to be a challenge to the strife, the injustice, and the blasphemy which marked that pagan society; that the secret of his success would be, not the powers of his episcopal office, but the example of a life of order, of justice, and of holiness.

Now all who knew Father William Roach intimately as his confreres did will recognize these words as descriptive of his life to a remarkable degree. For this reason I have chosen them as a text today. And for another reason too. Father Roach was fond of this text. It happened that he was born with the New Year on January 1, 1875. Later when he came to the altar as a priest he found these words in the epistle of the Mass for New Year's Day,

and to be a scholar in the school.  
 The children, and the highest mind  
 among that people, and the  
 master of his school, and the  
 the power of his spiritual office,  
 and the knowledge of a little of words,  
 of justice, and of justice.

Now all who know Father William know  
 distinctly as his character and will  
 recognize these words as descriptive  
 of his life as a remarkable scholar.  
 For this reason I have chosen them as  
 a first lesson. And for another reason,  
 the Father knows the word of his  
 own. It is known that he was born  
 with the New Year on January 1, 1877.  
 Father when he was in the first of a  
 father he found that words in the  
 analysis of the life of the Father's son.

so that he began each year of his life, and each calendar year with a double reason for making this text the expression of a fresh resolution to live a life of order, and justice, and holiness.

The world into William Roach was born eighty-six years ago had not shed all its resemblances to the period of the Caesars. New idolatries in fact always appear to take the place of the old ones. Every generation poses the problem of presevering the Faith in a world that denies it, and of living a life of purity in a world given over to all manner of worldly desires. The dedicated Christian of today is scarcely less cut off from the world than were the contemporaries of Paul and Titus. Nor does Christ directly interfere in



the struggle of those who bear His name. He never forces Himself on anyone. What He looks for from each is the free response to His love.

William Roach had, however, certain notable advantages in the particular world of his youth. He was born in a rural parish, where life was comparatively simple, and where the Faith was strong in those who possessed it, because the memory of persecution was still fresh. If anyone was prone to forget it there was the annual Orange parade on July 12th. The unfinished battle of the Boyne was resumed, and the Faith was made safe for another year.

There was another advantage too. William Roach was born into a family that was



Catholic to the core. The parents of Irish birth had settled in Brechin. There were five sons and a daughter, all now departed. They were devoted to one another to an unusual degree. In the bosom of that family, helped of course by the Separate School and the parish church, the beginnings of William Roach's future priestly vocation were hammered out. It is not sufficiently realized how often a vocation involves the family pulling together to promote it — a common moral effort in the conviction that a vocation is a blessing to a family unto the second and third generations.

There was fuel in that home for the fire of Faith and in the glow of it William (and his brother Thomas) began to feel dimly at least the appeal of a life of

General to the city. The friends of

these friends had worked in America.

There were five men and a woman, all

now departed. They were devoted to the

cause to an unusual degree. In the

house of these friends, helped of course

by the separate school and the ladies

church, the beginnings of William

Shaw's future religious work were

laid out. It is not surprising

realized how often a vacation has been

the family helped together to provide

is - a common word often in the case

which was a vacation in a classroom

as a family into the house and kind

generations.

There was then in that house for the first

of which was in the line of its will

and his mother (Shaw) began to read

study as much the subject of a life of

order, of justice, and of holiness. He did not foresee what was in store for him; the Basilian Fathers he had never met. The role he was to play in their work, the esteem he was to win in their ranks — these eventualities would have astonished him. Nor did his faith need such a prop. With Cardinal Newman he could have said:

"The distant scene I do not ask to see  
One step enough for me."

The first step was the move of the family to Toronto so that the boys might attend St. Michael's College and the girl one of the convents. Again it was a family effort. High School and College were done at St. Michael's. William was a gifted student. I need not say that he was also an athlete. But he was no stranger to the chapel either. That, too, was a life-long habit.

He was, at first, one of the best.

He was, at first, one of the best.

He was, at first, one of the best.

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He was, at first, one of the best.

He graduated with the B.A. of the University of Toronto in 1896. In the graduating class of that year was an exceptional number of distinguished men — Prime Minister Arthur Meighen, J.S. McLean of Canada Packers, Malcolm Wallace, Principal of University College, and in the previous year Prime Minister Mackenzie King. At the periodic gatherings of alumni in the last twenty years, Father Roach always attended. These men revered him deeply and were proud to own him as a classmate.

William Roach went to St. Basil's Novitiate in the year of his graduation. (His brother Thomas had preceded him by one year). Theological studies were done at St. Michael's College immediately after. In the meantime the family moved



back to Brechin, so that when the ordination of the two brothers took place in July of 1901, the first Masses were sung in the old family parish. I need not say that the impact of this event on that rural parish baffles description. There was a quickening of the Faith in everyone and an intense spiritual joy. There was also, I may say, a feeling of satisfaction that we had scored one on the Orangemen. This was something they could not match.

Of the many things I might say about Father Roach as a priest I shall mention only a few. He was chosen by the Basilian authorities for graduate work, and spent two years (1902-1904) at the Catholic University of America in the study of Philosophy. His appointment to the

and to be sure, as I was then the only  
 student of the two brothers who were  
 left at 1841, the time when they were  
 in the old family house. I had not  
 any such idea of the future of the house as  
 that time passed before me. There was a  
 feeling of the future of the house in  
 everyone and in the air. I was  
 there and then, I was, a feeling  
 of something that was not yet  
 of the future. This was something  
 they could not see.

Of the many things I shall say later  
 I shall say as a friend I shall say  
 only a few. He was then up the street  
 the building for the future and  
 I was then (1890-1891) at the  
 old university of London in the city  
 at 1841. His presence in the

various Houses then began. The first was to Assumption where he spent many fruitful years at various intervals. He grew to regard Assumption as his own College, and no one was prouder of its recent great expansion. He was named Superior of St. Thomas College, Chatham, New Brunswick, in 1911 and there too he put down rather deep roots. Then followed his appointment as Superior of St. Basil's Seminary (1919-1925) and as a member of the General Council (1922-1928). Then a stretch of years at St. Michael's, then appointments as pastor at Owen Sound (1932-1934) and Holy Rosary (1934-1936).

These offices were marks of distinction, but he did not regard them as such. He

reading lessons from pages. The first

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accepted them out of a sense of duty and fulfilled them with competence. But they were not his significant work. They are not the things he will be remembered for. His essential work, for which all the rest seemed a preparation was his final nineteen years as confessor at the Seminary and as professor of Pastoral Theology. During this period he also served as Chaplain to the Mother House of the St. Joseph Sisters, following the distinguished tradition of Fathers Frachon and McBrady.

It was in the Seminary that his life of order, and justice, and holiness, overlaid hitherto by administrative studies, but never abandoned — it was in the Seminary that this life came to the fore again and influenced the lives

attracted them out of a sense of duty.

and followed them into the hospital.

But they were not his patients, and

they are not the things he will be re-

sponsible for. His personal work, the

which all his work seemed a preparation

was his final object, and he was

known as the "Gentle" and as "Gentle"

of personal history. During this per-

iod he also served as Chaplain of the

army hospital at the New York Hospital.

Following the distinguished position

of various positions and history.

It was in the hospital that his life

of order, and justice, and history,

eventual history of administrative

history, and never elsewhere — it was

in the history that his life was so

and for again and finished the story

of others. It was a delight for him to be with the younger members of the Congregation. He understood them, and they understood him. He loved the Summer Camp at Strawberry Island, which he had founded in the early twenties when he was in charge at the Seminary. There he seemed to recapture the spirit of his younger days, which were in fact spent in that area. In the thirty-eight summers of its history, it is on record that he missed only one. That was the summer of 1960. It was a sign that the end was not far off.

The end came on February 12, 1961. He was almost sixty years a priest and so continuously active that his full biography would be almost the entire history of the Basilians during that span of years. Surely he has more than

we called. It was a delight for him to be with the younger members of the congregation. He welcomed them, and they returned his. He lived his better days at Government Island, which he had founded in the early twenties. When he was in charge of the factory, there he issued no newspapers and while at his younger days, which were in fact spent in that area. In the thirty-  
 eight hundred of his history, as he on himself that he should only one. That was the summer of 1900. It was a time that his son was not far off.

The end came on February 12, 1901. He was almost sixty years of age and he was increasingly active even in the last days of his life. He would be almost the entire history of the Pacific Island and even of years. Surely he has more than

earned the support of our prayers to speed him to his final resting place in the bosom of God.

(Transcribed from the preacher's manuscript. Sermon preached by Father E.J. McCorkell, then President of the Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies, in St. Basil's Church, Toronto, at Father Roach's Funeral Mass, 1961)

and the world of our people to  
 stand up to the final testing place  
 in the house of God.

(Presented from the President's Room-  
 1919. Given presented by Father S. J.  
 McLaughlin, Vice President of the  
 National Association of Religious Education,  
 in St. Paul's Church, Toronto, on  
 Father S. J. McLaughlin, 1919.)

Eminent Chancellor, I present to you the leader of Roman Catholic education in Canada.

As professor and Superior of St. Michael's College, Father Carr took the lead in making a reality of what had previously been only a dream, a real functioning federation of the Arts colleges of Toronto University, and thereby established a pattern which has been widely copied elsewhere. As Superior General of the Basilian Fathers he built up, both in Canada and the United States, a group of widely scattered colleges characterized by the highest academic standards and educational ideals. As organizer and President of the Institute of Mediaeval Studies he gave our country one of its most outstanding institutions



for research in the humanities, and brought to Canada such scholars as Sir Bertram Windle, Etienne Gilson, and Jacques Maritain. As founder and Principal of our own St. Thomas More College he demonstrated in masterly fashion the ideal relations which should exist between a Catholic College and a State University.

During all these and other activities his qualities of heart made him the centre of an immense circle of devoted friends and pupils.

Eminent Chancellor, on behalf of the Senate of the University, I ask you to confer on Father Henry Carr the degree of Doctor of Laws, honoris causa.

(Transcribed from the copy in the General Archives. This citation was read by W.P. Thompson, May 1952, when presenting Father Carr. Dr. Thompson was President of the University of Saskatchewan)

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Your Excellencies, Father Carr, Mr. Chairman, Reverend Fathers, and Gentlemen:

It is an almost impossible task which you have asked me to discharge this evening in talking about Father Carr and doing so against the background of his work here and elsewhere. Father Carr, to those who have known him for many years, escapes description. He simply defies the normal adjectival process. Father Carr is here this evening looking fresh after a very, very strenuous and trying year at the University of British Columbia, looking, as usual, fifteen or twenty years younger than records say that he must be, and, of course, we would not question a baptismal certificate in this case. On Friday morning he will be



presented for an honorary degree by the President of the University, a close personal friend of his, who is not presenting anyone else on this occasion for a degree. I happen to have seen the citation which he will read in presenting Father Carr to the Chancellor of the University for this degree. And the terms which it uses are very striking and I think on this privileged occasion I may disclose to you what they are. The words are, "Mr. Chancellor, I present to you the leader of Roman Catholic education in Canada." That is why you and I are here tonight. That is why in my experience in recent years at the University no suggestion for an honorary degree was seized upon more promptly and welcomed more sincerely than the proposal some weeks ago that Father Carr receive this degree.

Government for an honorary degree by the  
 University of the University, a class  
 personal friend of his, and he had pre-  
 sented before him on this occasion  
 for a degree. I happen to have seen  
 the citation which he will read in pre-  
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 of the University for this degree. The  
 citation which is now are very striking  
 and I think on this occasion  
 I say nothing to you that day are.  
 The words are, "Mr. Chancellor, I pre-  
 sent to you the name of John Doe  
 education in Canada." That is why you  
 and I are here tonight. That is why is  
 my experience in these years of the  
 University as a government for an honorary  
 degree and what was done properly and  
 personally were personally done the pro-  
 gress of the work and what better but  
 receive this degree.

I might trespass on your patience by saying a little bit about his early career and his work here by way of explaining these facts. Father Carr began, as all people should, by specializing in Latin and Greek. Any of you who have been slightly disappointed up to this point in your careers can ascribe possibly any deficiencies to a failure in that regard. Father Carr made no such mistake, graduating with honours in Classics from the University of Toronto almost fifty years ago. He then spent almost the next forty years in Toronto before he came to Saskatoon as the Principal of this College. It is of interest to record, at least in brief review, what he was doing during those forty years after he finished his arts degree at Toronto and was ordained in



that city. The first fifteen years were spent in such a way that at the conclusion of them the University of Toronto gave him an honorary degree for his great services to that University. We are just catching up with Toronto, in fact thirty years after the event. Father Carr received an honorary degree from Toronto when he was scarcely forty years of age, which must have been a unique achievement. And the reason for it was that in the early years after his ordination he had thrown himself heart and soul into making the relation between St. Michael's and the University a really vigorous and vital one. In fact it has been said that he, as much as anyone, even more than anyone, has a large share of credit for making the



federation at Toronto of the various affiliated colleges a real thing.

During the twenties he was interested in the establishment of the Mediaeval Institute at Toronto and in preparing his young associates for it. There are many excellent Catholic educational institutions on the continent; there is only one Mediaeval Institute, the Pontifical Institute, as it is now more properly called, in Toronto. Looking back on its beginning twenty years later, and not, of course, connected with it first-hand, I am astonished at the amount of work and foresight which must have been involved in promoting the establishment of a first class, scholarly institution, fully provided with a library, with other equipment, with manuscripts, and with a teaching

University of Toronto at the present  
 time, and the college is well known.

During the winter of the present  
 year the students of the University  
 have been at Toronto and in visiting

the great university for the first

time many students of the University  
 have been in the country; there is

only one University in Toronto, and two

other Universities, as it is now

properly called, in Toronto. During

the last winter many years

ago, and now, of course, connected

with it is the fact, I am not sure

the name of which was Toronto which

has now been changed to Toronto.

The establishment of a first class

university in Toronto, which was

also a library, with other equipment,

the university, and with a building

staff that could stand up in the matter of training and qualifications to any other on the continent or in the world. The amount of work which Father Carr must have put into that staggers the imagination. Brilliant young men, shortly after their ordination, were detailed for special studies. He is a first rate picker of scholars, and no less than three of these men are today members of the Royal Society of Canada, which is the highest honour a research scholar in Canada can secure. And the institution has gone on to a very special place in the Canadian educational world. It is no accident that the Massey Report, for example, which gives little space to other institutions dealing with the humanities in higher learning, finds time, on several occasions, to refer to



this particular Institute as a model for the sort of thing that can be done on behalf of scholarship in Philosophy.

Father Carr (to fill in the details which you could guess) has been the Superior of St. Michael's College, President of the Institute and Superior General of the Order, and then crowned his career by becoming Principal of St. Thomas More College. After he had safely and well discharged the duties of Superior General, it was thought safe to permit him to become our Principal. And he spent seven years here which were very happy for us and I think they were very happy for him. I have often thought it must have been rather a shock for a man of mature years, who had spent, as I said, some forty years

This particular instance is a small  
 for the sort of thing that can be done  
 on behalf of education in this country.

For the last 50 years in the service  
 which you would regard as being the  
 service of St. Michael's College,  
 President of the Institute and Superior  
 General of the Order, was then crowned  
 his career by becoming President of St.

Thomas More College. After he had  
 safely and well discharged the duties  
 of Superior General, it was thought  
 well to permit him to become our Vice-  
 president, and he spent seven years here  
 which were very happy for us and I think  
 they were very happy for him. I have  
 often thought it most fortunate without  
 a doubt for a man of mature years, who  
 had spent, as I said, some forty years

in the community at Toronto as it grew steadily, to leave all that behind him and come to a new, small institution in totally different circumstances. If it was a shock or a surprise or a transition, Father Carr never showed it. In fact he was thoroughly at home within a very short time in Saskatoon, and, I believe, was sending messages to his friends back east telling them about life in Saskatoon, and that they were missing. During his seven years here he steadily increased the fine relations which had already been established by his two predecessors as Principal between this college and the university.

What is the secret of Father Carr's approach to the problems of Catholic

in the community as 'father' as it grew  
commonly, he knew all that during his  
and came to a son, well known.  
in socially different circumstances. If

it was a school or a service or a  
community, father day never showed  
it. In fact he was thought of as  
within a very short time in fatherhood,  
and, I believe, was feeling no longer  
to his friends but was calling them  
about life in fatherhood, and that they  
were standing. During his seven years

there he steadily increased the time  
relationships which had already been estab-  
lished by his own predecessors as 'fath-  
er' between the college and the  
university.

What is the career of Father Day's  
concerns to the problems of fatherhood

education at the university level in Canada today? I mustn't presume to speak for him but it seems to me that when he approaches the gates of St. Peter with the proper admixture of humility and confidence the great mark to his credit will be that in a situation of complexity, of some dangers if you like, and of great opportunity, he struck out what was not really a new line, not really an original line, but, as it happened, a unique line in Canadian Catholic education. And he encouraged his brethren, when he was in authority over them, or when he was simply in a fraternal relationship to them, to press forward and secure the highest possible academic achievements for themselves and for their institution.

association at the university level in  
 German history? I mean, I mean to  
 speak for him but it seems to me that  
 when he approached the gates of the

father along the proper channels of  
 family and tradition the great and  
 we are over it will be that a situ-  
 ation of complexity, of some degree  
 it for him, and of great opportunity,  
 he cannot but what was not really a  
 new line, not really an official line,  
 but, as it happened, a unique line in  
 German Germanic education. The he  
 encouraged his friends, when he was  
 in contact with them, or when he was  
 about to a personal relationship to  
 them, or even toward and toward the  
 light possible academic achievement  
 for themselves and for their families.

As a result, as the years have moved along, there is no Catholic group to-day in Canada more respected by the secular universities than the Basilian Fathers of Toronto. They know that they can meet them on even terms and with even qualifications. More particularly I think Father Carr is one of those people who recognize that in education in the twentieth century we have seen sruprisingly swift changes and that while we hold to our principles we must keep a very sharp eye upon the inevitable adaptations which we have to make in particular situations.

When we formed the Newman Club twenty-five years ago you could put all the students who were known to be Catholics in the front parlour upstairs (and it

At a meeting of the Young Men's Association

held there is an excellent group of

men in Canada and connected to the

Canadian universities and the Canadian

Association of Lawyers. They have met

they are much interested in every thing and

also very intelligent. Some people

think I think better but is not at

least people who are intelligent and is

educated in the Canadian country and

have been very intelligently well trained

and have been well as well as our education

has been very much improved upon the

Canadian education which is very

is also in particular situation.

Then we found the women "The Women's

Five years ago you could not see all the

schools who were known to be excellent

in the French language (and so

was the same size then as it is now). The University is not today very much larger. We were running around 1800 or so in those days, around 2200 now, but the percentage of Catholics, around three percent then, has reached fifteen or sixteen today of the student body. And you couldn't get all the Catholic students at the University into this common room today. The reason why an institution like St. Thomas More, under Father Carr's inspiration, has so big a part to play is that, fifty years ago, a young man thought of education in terms of what we would call an arts degree or an arts college. Unfortunately, he doesn't think that way necessarily today. The majority of students who come to the University do not come to

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take a basic arts course. One-third of the students who graduate this year be students in Arts and Science and two-thirds will be in professional colleges. And that fact has posed the most awkward and difficult single problem which Catholic education faces in the twentieth century. In a Province like Saskatchewan what do you do for the young men who want to be doctors, lawyers, pharmacists, engineers, accountants, and so forth?

There are many places in Canada where we can establish an excellent Catholic college and give an arts degree. But I venture to suggest that outside the Province of Quebec there is no place in Canada where we can establish a Catholic University, in the full secular

into a mass of chaos. The only  
 of the students who have been  
 be allowed to do so and to be

conclusion will be in the

relation. But this is not the

and history and history of the

has been the history of the

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the history of the

the history of the

history, geography, and

history, and the

there are many places in Canada where

we can establish an excellent

relation and live in a free

I venture to suggest that

history of Canada should be

in Canada where we can establish a

Canadian University, in the

sense of the word. At least not without very serious limitations as to professional work. Fifty years ago a man could become a lawyer by taking some preliminary education and working in the office of a lawyer. He could even in some parts of Canada be in attendance upon a doctor for a certain number of years and then become a doctor. That day is now past. The entrance to professional position in Canada today is in and through universities. What I admire about Father Carr and his brethren is that, having perceived that fact, they proceeded to meet the problem on sound practical terms. An institution like St. Thomas More goes as far, I think, as the Catholic community in a Province like Saskatchewan can expect to on a sound financial basis. Our budget



at the University this year was over two and a half million dollars. That's what it takes to run a university nowadays for one year. No one will suggest that the Catholic community is in a position to compete with that sort of expenditure or equipment. And yet we have to do something to keep level with the young men who are coming here, sometimes, true, after a good arts education at Catholic institutions, but generally not. They are coming here for their professional work and they want to meet and talk to priests who are educated, who understand their problem, and can deal with it on terms the equivalent of anyone else in the University. It is the great accomplishment of Father Carr and his associates that they are supply-

to the University of the South Sea Islands  
 and had a half million dollars. There  
 was a school to run a college, and  
 after the war. He was still engaged  
 when the Catholic community in the  
 position to compare with that of all  
 Americans or Europeans. And the  
 have been working to keep them with  
 the people and the world, but they  
 have, after a good time, been  
 at Catholic institutions, but generally  
 and they are coming here for their  
 professional work and they are very  
 and all the others who are interested  
 are interested that people, and the  
 that it is a course, the question of  
 before him in the University. It is  
 the great responsibility of the day  
 and the question that they are engaged

ing that here, and doing it under considerable material restriction and inconvenience. Some of you who came along passed a very large stone structure well down the street, St. Andrew's College. As you came along you passed another very large one, Emmanuel College. And then you came here. Well, these rooms in this house have to serve, in one form or another, at the present time, somewhere around four hundred students, a far larger number than these other institutions to which I have referred. And the time is surely fast approaching when the great efforts of Father Carr and the Basilians should be matched by some sort of recognition on the part of the Catholics of Saskatachewan. Surely there is one place where we ought to have a structure which, by its very



appearance, is an indication of where the Catholic Church stands and has always stood on the educational question, right at the University itself. It is no secret that from time to time people have rather arched their eyebrows and wondered why we have not been able to do more for St. Thomas More than this present wooden building. There are various reasons for that. They need not now, I think, for long continue. Where so much has been done, and so brilliantly done, in the preliminary work, by people like Father Carr, the conclusion which is ever growing larger in front of us, particularly laymen, is that we must now respond in some way appropriate to that sacrifice on their part.

I believe something may be said later



on this evening about such a possibility. I ought not to trespass on what others may have to say there, but I do feel like introducing it at least for a moment by way of saying that when you have received as you have here the services and the leadership of someone like Father Carr, there is some kind of gratitude which we as Catholics, and the Catholic community, ought to give in return.

On Friday we are having Convocation.

There are, I think eight prizes to be given to the most distinguished student in each of the colleges. Two of those students this year are Catholic. I believe that four out of fourteen arts degrees secured with distinction are going to students of St. Thomas More

on this evening about half a past six.  
 Sir, I regret that the progress of the  
 disease may have to be slow, but I do  
 feel that the treatment is at least for  
 a moment by way of saying that you  
 are being treated as you have been the  
 greatest and the best of all doctors.  
 The doctor says, there is some thing  
 all patients which are the best, and  
 the doctor's treatment, which is given  
 in return.

On Friday we are having a reception.  
 There are, I think about 200 to be  
 given to the most distinguished guests  
 in each of the villages. For the purpose  
 of this year are given. I  
 believe that last out of London and  
 beyond London with distinction are  
 being to receive at St. Thomas's.

College. And, on top of that, the medal to the best student of the entire graduating year is going to a Catholic student who was well and favorably known around this college as well, although he was from another, professional, college. Now that's the sort of use which our young Catholic students are making of these quarters, limited as they are. It's a pledge, I think, of the use which they would make of even finer quarters.

Father Carr perhaps saw these possibilities and dreamed about them. If so, he was further ahead than some of the rest of us, but we should now become increasingly aware of the fact that nowhere outside Toronto in English-speaking Canada is there a neater, more

college. And, on top of that, the  
 study in the last quarter of the entire  
 graduating year is given to a Latin  
 student who can well and favorably  
 know around this college as well, al-  
 though he was from another, professional,  
 college. Now time's the sort of the  
 whole our young people's interests are  
 made of these quarters, limited to  
 they are. It's a pity, I think, of  
 the one which they would like to even  
 their quarters.

Further that perhaps the same possi-  
 bility and interest about them. If so,  
 he was further ahead than some of the  
 rest of us, but he would not have  
 particularly aware of the fact that so-  
 many outside people in English-spea-  
 king Canada in those a matter, some

effective solution of the problem of Catholic participation in higher education than we have right here in St. Thomas More College. I think that at one time or another I have visited all the Canadian Universities but I know of none in which, as I have said, our interest is more carefully considered, and more effectively guarded, than it is here. And, at the same time, I know of none in Canada (and I here include Toronto if Father Carr will forgive me) where the result has been more good will towards Catholic education than is the case right here in Saskatoon. It is a great achievement and, although there are many factors in it, many people who have a share in the credit, no one has as large a share as Father

and the solution of the problem of  
 Catholic participation in the war.  
 which has been right here in St.  
 Thomas for many years. I cannot want as  
 one thing as another I have thought all  
 the American revolution and I know  
 at once in action, as I have said, and  
 interest in such carefully considered,  
 but more effectively guarded, than the  
 is here. And, at the same time, I know  
 he came to Canada from I have thought  
 of them as better than will forgive me  
 were the world has been now good  
 all kinds of things and the same  
 in the case right here in the world.  
 It is a great achievement and, although  
 there are many things in it, many  
 people who have a share in the world,  
 to see how we have a share in the world

Carr, and this evening we honour him and we thank him for it.

(Transcribed from the copy in the General archives. Dr. Leddy, then Professor of Classics at the Univer-

sity of Saskatchewan gave this address at a testimonial dinner tendered Father Carr on the occasion of his honorary degree from the University of Saskatchewan, May 1952. At the conclusion of the dinner an initial Building Fund Committee was set up to secure funds for a new St. Thomas More College building)



"I am ever close to thee and thou dost hold me by my right hand. Thine to lead me in a way of thy own choosing; thine to welcome me into glory at last. What else does heaven hold for me but thyself? What pleasure should I find in all thy gifts on earth? This frame, this earthly being of mine must come to an end; still God will comfort my heart; God will be, eternally, my inheritance. (Psalm 72)

Last Monday morning at five o'clock, death came to Father Blake Coll. A short three weeks before he seemed in good health and at the beginning of a new and important phase of his priestly and religious life. He was possessed of the maturity and experience which had prompted the delegates to the General Chapter of the Basilian Fathers to elect him a general councillor of the entire Community. He had lived by far the greater part of his priestly life in Western Canada in the Diocese of



Calgary where he was well known and highly regarded. The final six years there he had been the Superior of the religious house and the Principal of St. Mary's School. Both Canon Law and Community custom directed his move to another Diocese and another school. Before he could take up his new post, Divine Providence seemed to countermand the obedience issued to him by the then Superior General. He was to have a new post as an elected leader in all of his Community's work. Scarcely had he reported for his new work when he became the victim of a rare malady, a paralysis so infrequently met with that in the last forty years it has been met with only twice at St. Joseph's Hospital. He had gone from vigour to total in-



capacity in a matter of hours. He had the unstinted and devoted care of a team of highly trained and expert doctors and nurses who fought for his life with great skill twenty-four hours a day for eighteen long days. Countless prayers ascended to God on his behalf every hour of the day. He was constantly attended by a priest confrere. Despite it all he died, a comparatively young man, blessed at least with the last Sacraments of the Church, a privilege so frequently denied to priests.

God, as the Psalmist says, was leading him in a way of His own choosing. This frame, this earthly being of his, had come to an end. He died in a city where he is a comparative stranger since ten of the years he spent here were in the

...in a matter of hours. The had

the children and beyond that of a

kind of highly trained and expert doc-

tor and nurse who began for the first

time that will be very soon have a

very few children left here. The children

begin to be sent to the city for the first

time since the war. The war has been

abandoned by a great number of people.

It is all over, a comparatively young

man, almost at least with the last of the

kind of the world, a privilege to

begeth to begeth to begeth.

...the children say, was found

...in a way of the war of the

...the world, was found

...the world, was found

...the world, was found

...the world, was found

...the world, was found

Novitiate and the Seminary. He was a man devoted to the mission assigned to him by his superiors; he worked hard and long at home. To the great majority of his younger confreres he was known only by name, but a name highly regarded. To our human way of thinking, he dies at a time when priests of his wide experience and vigour seem indispensable. We are stunned by his passing; we lament his loss; we know that his replacement will be difficult to find. But it was the Will of God. "The Lord has given, the Lord has taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

The ways of God are strange indeed.

Every Bishop and every religious superior is marshalling and directing forces that they know are spread thin. Priests

"Hortense and the beauty. He was a  
 man devoted to his studies, and he  
 was by his nature; he was a  
 man of great power. In the great  
 city of the younger generation he was  
 known only by name, but a name highly  
 regarded. To our human way of thinking,  
 he died at a time when history of his  
 life extended and almost seen in his  
 hands. He was known by his passing;  
 we found his name; we knew that the re-  
 sults of his life were in his hands. But  
 he was the will of God. When he was  
 given, the law was given to him. It was  
 in the name of the law."

The name of God was given to him.  
 Every thing and every relation was  
 in his hands, and every thing was  
 in his hands. He was the law. He was  
 the law. He was the law. He was the law.

are desperately scarce. Sudden death thins the ranks still more. Even to priests who are trained to prepare both themselves and others for death, these deaths come as shocks. We can do nothing for Father Coll this morning by eulogizing him. Perhaps his death is intended by God to give us here present a new and fresh lesson in the meaning of life. A priest's death, especially of one very actively engaged in the apostolate, cannot help but bring us more face to face with the reality of God and of His Christ.

Every week the priest, as he reads the Psalter, recites the words, "What else does heaven hold for me by Thyself? What pleasure should I find in all thy gifts on earth? God will comfort my



heart; God will be, eternally, my inheritance." A priest is a man who seeks God and is used by God as an instrument that others might seek Him. That is his existence; it is that life to which he commits himself by his ordination. He is not ordained to lead a life apart from but in the very thick of the world's tragedy, the interior spiritual conflict which is waged continually around us for the souls of men; the battle between the forces of Christ and His enemies. More important than anything else that goes on in the course of the world's history and underlying everything else is that battle. The Son of God became man to enter the lists as a man. He is the supreme captain in God's army and until time is finished He will wage that battle and,

beauty; but will be, eventually, to im-  
 mense. I believe in a man who  
 would not be in need of the  
 assistance of others; that is the  
 first in the estimation; it is then the  
 second, in which he would himself be the  
 assistance. He is not obliged to look  
 this upon him but in the very midst  
 of the world's misery, the inferior  
 spiritual condition which is again con-  
 stantly around us for the sake of  
 our; the battle between the forces of  
 evil and the good. The ignorant  
 man, who is not good as in the  
 course of the world's history and con-  
 dition everything else is that battle.  
 The son of God became man to save the  
 world as a man. He is the supreme  
 law in God's army and with him is  
 finished the will of God for the world.

to a very great degree, through His priests. The priest's life has no other meaning apart from his dedication to that struggle. Whether he is absolving sinners, preaching, doing social work, organizing athletics, teaching, he is always fighting the battle of Christ, which is epitomized for him every day at the altar.

Father Coll was in that army as a dedicated lieutenant, dedicated to Jesus Christ. I am proud to be able to say for his Community this morning that in his own quiet way he never wavered, he never sought escape, he never attempted flight. He had to abandon a great many things; but anyone who takes Christ seriously will soon learn that he must abandon all else.

in a very great degree, towards his  
 father. The father's life has no  
 other meaning than his devotion  
 to that religion. Whether he is about  
 the altar, preaching, doing social  
 work, organizing societies, teaching,  
 he is always thinking the same of  
 God, which is equivalent for him  
 every day of his life.

father God is seen only as a  
 devoted instrument, devoted to  
 Jesus Christ. I am proud to be his  
 for my for his God, who is coming  
 that is the one great way to have  
 power, he never makes money, he  
 never attended to it. He had no  
 ambition a great many things; but never  
 who when God's servants will work  
 know that he was chosen all along.

But there is a reward both here below and eternally in heaven. Christ gives Himself to such a person and what is abandoned is as nothing in comparison to the gain. "Everything else in the world but Christ is trivial. He today knows better than we that what we supposedly lose is nothing to what we gain.

Today as we commit Father Coll's mortal remains to the earth, we cannot but be aware that we have here no lasting city. As St. Paul said, "While on earth, we are exiled from the Lord." At best our life is but a journey; we can never settle in this world. Father Coll's journey, the period of his exile, is over.

I asked a confere who has spent the last

the chair is a round table with  
 and slightly to the left. The table gives  
 itself as with a person and what is  
 standing is as nothing in comparison  
 to the chair. "Everything else in the  
 world and world is trivial." The early  
 years before that we did what we did  
 usually have is nothing to do with the chair.

Today we no longer follow Gold's method  
 because to the early, we cannot but be  
 aware that we have been so feeling dis-  
 ated. Paul said, "While on earth, we  
 are called from the Lord." The last part  
 life is not a journey; we are never  
 going to this world. Father Gold's  
 theory, the period of his early, is  
 over.

I found a scholar who has spent the last

nineteen years with Father Coll what he considered his most predominant characteristic. His reply confirmed my own judgment. He said that it was his understanding and his patience. The faithful expect this of their priests and I would go so far as to say that they have a right to expect it. In the midst of our grief and sorrow it is consoling to remember that Father Coll possessed to such a high degree these priestly characteristics. He was always aware, through some trying years and taxing jobs, that a priest's following of Christ always means the bearing of a larger share of men's troubles. He understood and was patient, as Christ understood and was patient. He was forgiving and gracious to others and we are confident that God will forgive him his own

thought that with Alice Gill was

the greatest of all her friends.

characteristic. His only constant

of his judgment. He said that in his

the understanding and his position.

The English agent said of their friends

and I would go as far as to say that they

have a right to expect it. In the midst

of our trial and sorrow it is essential

to remember that John Gill possessed

to such a high degree these qualities

characteristic. He was always ready,

through some trying years and during

time, that a friend's kindness of spirit

always means the bearing of a larger

share of man's troubles. He understood

and was patient, he understood

and was patient. He was forgiving and

ready to share and to be satisfied

that God will forgive his sin

faults and shortcomings.

A priest by his very calling stands for the value and worth of the unseen world. What we see lasts but for a moment; what is unseen is eternal. The constant theme of Christ's teaching is that we must realize that our mortality must be swallowed up in life. St. Ignatius of Antioch, on his way to martyrdom, begged the Romans not to save him from death whereby, he said, "I shall be a man." Today when the world seems mad in the pursuit of that which is perishable, may the death of this gentle priest remind us that to really be a man means a consecration to the things which are not seen; that earthly existence is a sorry limitation of our lives and that the flesh and its burdens are obstacles

Early and late.

I tried up his very early work for the time and sent it to the printer.

Now we are back for a moment.

It is now in the hands of the printer.

There is still a chance for it.

It is now in the hands of the printer.

It is now in the hands of the printer.

It is now in the hands of the printer.

It is now in the hands of the printer.

It is now in the hands of the printer.

It is now in the hands of the printer.

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It is now in the hands of the printer.

It is now in the hands of the printer.

It is now in the hands of the printer.

in the way of the transformation of the life-giving Spirit.

May I suggest, finally, that every follower of Christ must offer to God, as Christ did, his very life in death. Christ's death opened the way to His Resurrection. We live to participate in the death and resurrection of Christ. This is a mystery which must be enacted in Christ's Mystical Body and in each of its members. We must couple death and life in Jesus Christ. We must die with Him; we rise with Him. We died and rose with Him in our baptism. We must carry on this mystery daily in our lives. Christ's death and resurrection must be culminated and fulfilled in us. Again and finally when our life on earth is over and we come through death to the

in the way of the resurrection of  
the life-giving spirit.

Now I suppose, finally, that every  
fulfillment of God's word will be  
as Christ did, his very life in death.  
Christ's death opened the way to the  
resurrection. He lives to reconcile  
to the Father and redemption of all  
who are in Christ. When we are  
in Christ's spiritual body and in  
of the Father. He was made  
and life in Jesus Christ. He was the  
with him; and then with him. He died and  
rose with him to new life. He was  
with him in this present life in our lives.  
Christ's death and resurrection were the  
relationship and fulfilled in us. It is  
and finally when our life is made in  
even now we have through death to the

resurrection from the dead — when this is done we will have fulfilled in our own persons the realization of the Psalmist's words, "God will be, eternally my inheritance."

Father Coll lived for God. May the God of all goodness grant him eternal rest in Himself.

(Transcribed from the preacher's manuscript. Sermon preached by Father J.M. Kelly, then President of the University of St. Michael's College, at the Funeral of Father Coll in St. Basil's Church, Toronto, on August 31, 1961.)



"Watch ye therefore, because you know not the day nor the hour." Matt. 25,13

These are the closing words of the Gospel of the Mass which Father Kelly said on the morning before he died. We have every hope and certainty that he was ready when his Bridegroom called him, but it brings home to us all how true are the words of Our Divine Master.

God does not necessarily judge the success of man's life in the doing of great things as measured by the world's standards, although Father Kelly did his share of great things. It is the doing of God's Will that gives greatness, that produces spiritual success and achievement. The priest, above all others, must imitate his Master, the Eternal Priest, Who sought nothing else

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There are the classic signs of the New-  
Yorker in the face which Thomas Kelly calls  
an "American before he died." We have  
every hope and certainty that he was  
young when his fatherhood called him,  
but it might have been as all too late  
and the words of our Father's prayer.

But there are no more signs of the New-  
Yorker in the face of the man who is  
greatly liked and admired by the world's  
people, although Father Kelly said  
his share of great things. It is the  
color of his hair that gives great  
ness, that produces spiritual power  
and achievement. The power, above all  
others, must inspire his Master, the  
Great Spirit, the world's master also.

than to do the Will of His Father. It is in the acceptance of those daily tasks assigned for us by God that our souls are formed in the image of Christ. An essential element in the forging of that perfection is the development of the virtue of Charity. For it is in the fire of love that self dissolves. We must die to live.

It is the law of nature and grace that a higher life is purchased only by dying to a lower one. If the sunshine and rain and the chemicals of the earth are ever to enjoy communion with plant life, they must surrender their form of existence in the lower order. If the grass of the field is to enjoy communion with the life of the animal, it must be ground in the jaws of death. If the

then to the end of the world.

It is the development of these things

which is the development of the world.

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great expanse of living things are ever to enjoy communion with a higher life of man, they too, must pass through the Calvary of death.

In like manner, if a man is ever to enter into the higher life of Christ, and man has no right to say that there is no higher life than his own, he must die to the lower life of the flesh.

Christ emphasized this in language which we rarely hear in these milk and water Christianities of our day. Hear ye Him:

"Amen, Amen, I say unto you, unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground die, itself remaineth alone. But, if it die, it will bring forth much fruit."

"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow Me."

"The kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent bear it away."

Every aspect of living things are ever  
 in daily becoming with a higher life  
 at last, they say, some great change will  
 be wrought of death.

In this manner, if a man is ever to  
 enter into the higher life of Christ,  
 he must have no right to say that there  
 is no higher life than this one, he must  
 die to the lower life of the flesh.  
 Christ commanded this in language which  
 we rarely hear in these times and which  
 contradicted of our day. Hear ye this:

"Then, again, I say unto you, unless the  
 grain of wheat falling into the ground  
 die, it will produce much fruit. If  
 it die, it will bring forth much fruit."

"If any man will come after Me, let him  
 deny himself and take up his cross  
 daily and follow Me."

"The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence,  
 and the violent bear it away."

"For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for My sake, shall save it."

Father Kelly well knew that the law of Calvary is the law of every Christian, and in a special way the law of every priest; that unless there is the Cross there will never be the Resurrection; unless there is the defeat of Calvary there will never be the victory of Easter; unless one has struggled and overcome, he shall never be crowned.

Father Charles Kelly was no reed shaken by the wind, but a sturdy cedar of Lebanon. His sole wish was to spend and be spent for Christ. To the world this seems like defeat; in reality it is the soul's finest victory.

Love is the soul of sacrifice and this

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Thus in the end of service and life

charity was instilled into Father Kelly by his good Christian parents in a truly wholesome environment. Had Father Kelly been the greatest man in the world, his most precious possession would be his priesthood. Were he the most obscure, he would still be a priest of God. However, in no sense was he an obscure man, as even a brief sketch of his life will show:

— born in Athlone, Ontario, 63 years ago, that section of the Archdiocese of Toronto which has given so many of its sons and daughters to the priesthood and the religious life.

— early schooling there, thence to St. Michael's College School.

— novitiate and first profession in 1919.

— philosophy, theology, ordained

clearly, we can say that James Frederick Kelly  
 by his own Christian service in a  
 truly Christian movement. But James  
 Kelly was not a man who in his world,  
 his own personal movement would be  
 his friend. For in the end we  
 know, he would still be a friend of God,  
 however, in no sense was he an enemy  
 and, as even a brief sketch of his life  
 will show:

— born in London, Ontario, 19 years  
 ago, that section of the population of  
 Toronto which has given so much of its  
 name and character to the movement and  
 the religious life.  
 — early religious life, James was  
 at St. Michael's College School.  
 — religious and first professor  
 in 1919.  
 — religious, theology, education

on December 19, 1926.

— treasurer at St. Basil's Novitiate, 1926-1927, my year as a novice.

— August, 1927, appointed here at Assumption Parish as an assistant for five years; then one year at St. Anne's in Detroit as an assistant.

— 1933 to 1955, Pastor at St. John the Baptist, Amherstburg, Ontario; St. Mary's, Owen Sound; Ste. Anne's, Detroit.

— a couple of years at Owen Sound as an assistant, and back here at Assumption Parish in 1957 where he remained to the end.

Who can number: the baptisms; converts; marriages; sick and dying; counsellings; help to the needy; hours of just plain hard work — manual labor?

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Poor Father Kelly! I imagine one will hear some people say. No, I think it is we who are poor; he is rich. His good parents had gone on ahead. I can imagine a happy re-union. To his two brothers, Joseph and Francis, we his Basilian brothers offer our sympathy. You will miss him, as we, also, shall. Indeed, many are his friends here today (and many more who are not here) who mourn his loss. I ask you all to remember, even though he possessed the dignity of the priesthood, we know he carried his treasure in an earthen vessel. I can hear him be the first to say: "Pray for me". In our charity, let us remember him in our prayers.

"We loved him in life, let us not forget him in death."

From the heart of the world, I imagine you will

have some people say, "Oh, I could be

in the same way, he is that. His

good people had gone on ahead. I am

thinking a happy reunion. In his own

language, though not in his

English, he would say, "Oh, I could be

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in the same way, he is that. His

good people had gone on ahead. I am

thinking a happy reunion. In his own

"Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord".

Requiescat in pace.

(Transcribed from the preacher's manuscript. Sermon delivered at the Funeral Mass of Father C.M. Kelly in Assumption Church, Windsor, on August 16, 1963)

Special note from the Librarian.

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May it please Your Excellency:

"There was a man sent by God whose name was John." Words describing St. John the Baptist, as read in almost every last gospel of the Mass. "Since men have not succeeded in curing death", remarks Pascal, ironically, "they have decided not to think about it at all." Should it be added, that they have never quite succeeded?

"Why life, if death? Why death, if life?" says Dante. To think and ponder this dark problem and in the end to draw nothing from it but a philosophy of pleasure (time is passing, let us enjoy ourselves), or a philosophy of nothingness (nothing rhymes only with nothing) — This does seem to be a fruitless enquiry. From such anguish,

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from such a load of living, the Christian is delivered. Christ Our Lord has the answer. Anyone who tries to grasp Our Lord's teaching on death will see that for him the problem does not exist.

It is another man sent from God, whose name was John. This time a gospel writer whose office was to get down in black and white the things Our Lord said and did — who gives us this account. It is chapter 11, a long one of St. John's gospel. Allow me to paraphrase it.

"There was a man called Lazarus of Bethany who had fallen sick. Bethany was the name of the village where Mary lived with her sister Martha, and this Mary whose brother, Lazarus, was sick was the woman who anointed the Lord with ointment and wiped His feet with her



hair. The sisters sent a message to Him, "Lord, he whom Thou lovest lies here sick."

And Jesus said, "The end of this sickness is not death, it is meant for God's honor, to bring honor to the Son of God. Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus. But some days elapsed before going to Bethany. He chatted with His disciples off and on about Lazarus' sickness. The disciples were confused. Our Lord had to tell them frankly, "Lazarus is dead."

When Jesus arrived, He found that Lazarus had been four days in the grave. "Lord", said Martha to Jesus, "If Thou hadst been here, my brother would not have died." "Thy brother", Jesus said to her, "will

hair. The children were so much  
 "There, is what I want for the  
 with."

And James said, "The end of this  
 man is not dead, it is meant for the  
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 James loved Maria and her sister and  
 James. The same day elapsed before  
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 had had to call them "James".  
 is dead."

When James arrived, he found that James  
 had been four days in the grave. "There",  
 said James to James, "It is not the same  
 man, my brother would not have died."  
 "My brother", James said to her, "will

rise again." Martha said to Him, "I know well enough that he will rise again at the resurrection when the last day comes." Jesus said to her, "I am the resurrection and the life, he who believes in Me, though he is dead, will live on, and whoever has life, and has faith in Me, to all eternity cannot die." Then Jesus said, "Do You Believe This?" Dialogue on death! Jesus and Martha! The Son of God questions! Martha, servant girl, unschooled but filled with faith answers, "Yes Lord", she told Him, "I have learned to that Thou art the Christ, Thou art the Son of the Living God, it is for Thy coming the World has waited.

Romano Guardini, reflecting on the event says Our Lord means to teach Martha that

It is a well known fact, that the

people of the United States are

not only a free people, but a

people who are free to

express their opinions

on all matters of

public interest.

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something has happened to death. Man's last enemy is defeated. We must never speak of it again. Henceforth, IT IS RESURRECTION THAT MATTERS, LIFE-ETERNAL and NEW-NOT DEATH.

Martha learned the lesson. Simple, unphilosophical Martha. But leave it to the learned, the heavy thinkers, to confuse it. They so often do. In Our Lord's day, such were the Sadducees. To them Christ had made clear His acceptance of the doctrine of the resurrection of the body. They did not want to learn the lesson.

They put this problem to Jesus — A woman had married in succession seven brothers. To whom will she belong in the resurrection? In reply, Jesus

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affirms the fact of the resurrection, but at the same time rejects their gross interpretation of the doctrine. THE RESURRECTION IS NOT A RETURN TO THE CONDITIONS OF THIS LIFE.

It involves a transformation of earthly existence. Jesus said to them, "Is this not why you are wrong that you know neither the scriptures nor the power of God? For when the dead rise again, they will neither marry nor be given in marriage, but all will be as the angels of God."

But nowhere in the holy Bible is the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead as explicit, striking, clear, and forceful as we read in St. Paul's epistles. With the people of Corinth he argues (to cite but one instance), "If the dead

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do not rise, then Christ has not risen either and if Christ is not risen, all your faith is a delusion, you are back in your sins. It follows too that those who have gone to their rest in Christ have been lost.

If the hope we have learned to repose in Christ belongs to this world only, then we are unhappy beyond all other men. But no, Christ has risen from the dead — just as all have died with Adam, so Christ is the first fruit and after Him follow those who belong to Him.

"Here is a secret I will make known to you, ye shall all indeed rise again", says St. Paul. "For this corruptible must put on incorruption and this mortal must put on immortality, and when this



corruptible has put on incorruption and this mortal has put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O Death! Where is thy victory? O Death! Where is thy sting? For the sting of death is sin, just as the law gives sin its power. Thanks be to God then, Who gives us victory through Our Lord Jesus Christ. Stand firm — your labor in the Lord's service cannot be in vain."

"Stand firm — your labor in the Lord's service cannot be in vain." Fitting transition line from St. Paul to apply to a man sent from God whose name was John, whose mortal remains are with us now.



Labor in the Lord's service! The Lord's service was the only service Father John Onorato ever knew. The Lord's service! It took him to Canada, to New York, to England. It took him to Florence, to Houston, to Rochester, and back again to Texas, Fort Bend County, to Brazoria County, and this city of Angleton.

The Lord's service! It took this man named John into the classroom, to the battle stations of the United States Navy, to the mission fields of this Southwest. The Lord's service! This man named John saw a lot of the world. The world saw a lot of this man named John. And it is good that it did.

When we were students together at Columbia University, we took our lunch on

After the war, the country was in a state of confusion. The people were poor and the government was weak. The country was divided into many small states, each with its own laws and customs. The people were not united, and the government was not strong enough to keep them together. The country was in a state of anarchy, and the people were suffering from the effects of the war. The government was not able to collect taxes, and the people were not able to pay them. The country was in a state of poverty, and the people were not able to live. The government was not able to protect the people, and the people were not able to live in peace. The country was in a state of despair, and the people were not able to hope for the future.

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a campus bench, generally joined by other students, often by a non-Catholic negro fellow student. One day he turned to me and asked, "Why did God not make more people as kind as Father John?" On Christmas when I received a greeting card from my class, Father John's class gifted him with an airtrip return to Mexico City.

I saw him once, on leave from the Navy in World War II, resplendent in his havy whites. Quite a contrast from the sombre black of his Basilian cassock. But it was the same Father John — a man sent from God. The area of the Lord's service meant nothing to this man named John.

I think of his wonderful eyes, smiling



eyes, happy to be a part of salvation history, to be of service to the community of God's people. I can still hear his beautiful voice, equally fine on a *Requiem Aeternam*, a *Tantum Ergo*, a *Sancta Lucia*, or *Come Back to Sorrento*.

I think of his joy in his priesthood, the holy pride he had in being a Basilian in being one of the some 75 Basilian priests who now work in this diocese of Galveston-Houston, of the Congregation of St. Basil that has been here since 1898.

I think of the warm affection he bore his devoted family. How he loved all of them! How they loved him! How edifying for us to witness their close attendance upon him in his final illness! How com-



forting to him, the knowledge that his dear brothers and sisters were faithful to him to the end! How sorrowful they have good reason to be!

They and us have a right to have a tear in our eye, a tear in our voice today. It is not un-Christian. There are two occasions that caused tears of Christ. One was the tears He shed over the destruction of the city of Jerusalem. We can't understand that occasion. It is too filled with mystery. The other was at the tomb of His dear friend Lazarus. When Martha showed Jesus the grave of her brother, St. John records Our Lord's reaction, "Jesus wept". Even the Jews' reaction is recorded, "See how He loved him." We can understand our tears now. See! How we loved him — this man named John.



Could his soul be elsewhere but in heaven? It is hard for me to think so. We are not here to canonize. We are not here to eulogize. But we are here to review Christ's teaching on eternal life with the Eucharist. "He who eats my flesh and drinks my blood, shall not taste death forever." Surely thrity years of Eucharistic devotion have not been in vain. For thirty years, some estimated 12,000 times, this man called John, brought down from heaven the Body of Christ, to be his food, and the food of his people. This was not "manna of the desert which your fathers ate in the desert and are dead". And yet — God's justice is exacting. Therefore we pray and will pray for "this man named John."



For those of you who did not know him well, think of another man named John, John XXIII, genial, pastoral, consumed with kerygma, winning the love of a wide world. Allow for difference in position. Allow for difference in service in men sent from God, whose name was John. Now cancel the numeral twenty-three, and you have a portrait of our Father John. Both priests. Both leaving us this year. Both, victims of the same disease. Both asked to suffer for Christ that they may reign with him.

The Church has a prayer for the bystanders at the grave. It has none for us here. At the risk of distorting the liturgy, may I suggest one, perhaps make it our own. It was written by



Cardinal Newman. I freely supply its relevancy.

"The End is the trial. The lofty palace crumbles. The busy city is hushed. The ships of Tarsus have sailed away — On heart and soul death is coming, the veil is breaking.

Support me, dear Lord, in that last hour, in the strong arms of thy sacraments and by the fresh fragrance of thy consolations. May thy holy oils sign and seal me. May thine own body be my food and thy blood, my sprinkling.

May my sweet mother Mary smile on me (as she surely smiled on Father John). May my angel whisper 'peace' to me, (as he surely whispered to Father John in his terminal illness).

May my glorious saints, Basil, Thomas, John, look on me that in them all, and through them all, I may receive the gift of perseverance (as this man named John received it), and die, as I desire to live, in thy faith, in thy Church and in thy love."

(Transcribed from the dittoed copy circulated after Father Onorato's funeral. Sermon preached by Father Hugh J. Haffey in St. Basil's Church, Angleton, on September 11, 1963.)



THE BASILIAN FATHERS AND  
THE PARISH AT OWEN SOUND

Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is a great privilege to have been invited to speak at this evening's celebration. Realizing this I have prepared a serious and, I hope useful paper on the Basilian Fathers and the Owen Sound parish. Before taking up my subject formally, I should like to make it clear that when I say Owen Sound I usually have in mind all the parishes in this area attended now or in the past by the Basilians. For those of you who are not fully familiar with the organization and administration of the Catholic Church in Canada, let me say that the Bishop is the spiritual pastor and administrative head of all the people and



all the parishes in his diocese. Most of his parishes are entrusted to priests whom he himself has trained and ordained for that special work. Occasionally, for one reason or another, he entrusts a parish by contract to some other group of priests called an Order or a Congregation or a Community, whom he has not trained himself, and who in matters not pertaining to his parishes are subject to their own superiors. Owen Sound is such a parish — entrusted by Bishop Farrell, the first Bishop of Hamilton, to a group of priests (a Congregation or Community) known as the Priests of St. Basil or the Basilian Fathers. These Basilians have now been in Owen Sound for one hundred years. I propose to tell you something about who they



were, how they happened to come to Owen Sound, what Owen Sound was like when they came to it, and what I think the Basilians are like today.

There is one further preliminary remark: the Basilian Fathers have never worked here alone; they had a few predecessors; and they have had constant co-workers, other priests who have come in to help, the Sisters of two Communities of women who have taught in the schools, and the lay members of all the organizations which function within the parish. No diminution of their work is intended by the following account devoted almost exclusively to the Basilian Fathers.

In May 1949 I was privileged to attend les noces d'or (The Golden Jubilee) of



a French Basilian, Rev. Canon Descellière, held at the College of the Sacred Heart in Annonay, France. Among many wonderful memories of the occasion, not least the discovery of new friends with common attachments among the old French Basilians, there is one which still remains vividly with me: a certain Saturday afternoon visit, May 14, 1949, to St. Symphorien's in the district of Mahun in the mountains of Ardèche. I remember leaving the narrow highway between Annonay and the town of Lalouvesc (made famous by St. Francis Regis) at Satillieu and going up a constantly narrowing road to the tiny mountain village of St. Symphorien. Here at the trail's end — it was impossible to proceed any farther — was the single



ribbon of roadway leading into the village. Everyone who has ever gone to St. Symphorien has gone in by that road, and everyone who has ever left has come away by that same road. There is no other — a matter of strategic importance as we shall see in a moment.

The little village of about 400 souls had, and still has, an old stone church and rectory encircled by a moderately high stone wall. The Curé of this establishment I recall as a little old man in a faded, patched and soiled soutane, green with age, wearing wooden shoes and smoking a large pipe. The old man took me through his church, showed me his somewhat pathetic "treasures" — a battered chalice, ciborium and ostensorium and a set of by then



threadbare vestments which had been given the parish by the Princess Eugenie, wife of Napoleon III. After a vin d'honneur the Curé took me through two not-too-tidy rooms in his rectory. Turning to me he said (he was not a Basilian) "Here is where the men who were to found your community first took up their work for the glory of God and the service of the Church." The very room we were standing in was, back in 1799, a student study-hall, and the room next beyond was a "little-seminary" classroom. Here in the years following the French Revdution, when the laws of France forbade the training of priests, there had been set up by an outlawed bishop who had returned to France as an itinerant pedlar, what can only be des-



cribed as an outlaw school. It had been set up by Bishop d'Aviau in this particular village and placed in the charge of Father Picansel because here troops and police could not invade it without their approach being observed at least an hour before their arrival. When hostile searchers came to the village, as they sometimes did, they found only men and boys working in the fields where after exchanging their soutanes for overalls, they had quickly gone on a warning signal from no less a person than the Mayor of St. Symphorien. Those rooms, for me, were the true cradle of what has now become the religious Congregation known in France and America as the Basilian Fathers, a Community formed on the spur of the moment to cope with a crisis in the French Church.



So much for this personal reminiscence. Let me tell you briefly the story of the early Basilians. The school, opened, as I have told you, in the Ardèche mountains by Father Picansel, was moved in 1802, when the harsh laws were relaxed, to the neighboring city of Annonay.

The school flourished in Annonay under the direction of a few priests who both taught school and carried on parochial work, and who were so filled with their way of life that they drew up their own religious rule so as always to be able to live together in community. Their community was given episcopal approval by Monseigneur Brulley de la Brunière, bishop of Mende on November 21, 1822.

This meant that it could now open a novitiate, recruit new members and so



acquire a sort of permanence. The priests thus formally organized took the name of the Society of Priests of St. Basil, St. Basil being the name of the parish church where they had acquired a mountain residence known as *Maison Seule* for their first novitiate and training centre.

The Society thus established in 1822 sought common life and stability. They promised the bishop and one another that they would never withdraw from their work, that they would always keep the rule they had drawn up, and that they would live to the best of their power a life of prayer. They took what they called a "solemn promise" under the local bishop rather than formal vows under the Holy See so as not to



fall under the repressive measures of a Government which continued to banish members of the older, better known and formally erected orders. In time, however, this precaution became unnecessary and they asked for recognition from the Holy See. An official Letter of Praise came from Rome on September 15, 1837; formal vows were first taken on September 24, 1852; and the Decree of Approbation came on September 23, 1863 — just a few months after two of their number had come here to Owen Sound for the first time.

The Society which I have thus far been describing for you was:

- (1) born during the impoverished days of the French revolutionary crisis;
- (2) involved in both educational and parish work — largely at a diocesan level;

the first of the year, and the second of the year.

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- (3) marked by a love of the common life;
- (4) (a factor not already mentioned) founded in a city in which Protestantism was fairly strong, a significant detail in that Basilians have usually located in non-Catholic centres — and have invariably displayed the art of knowing how to live in peace and friendship with their separated brethren.

## II

Until the Basilians came to America, they never had a house outside the diocese in which they were founded. Neither foreign missions nor westward expansion so much as entered into their thinking. In 1850, however, one of their former students in the College of Annonay, Armand François Marie de Charbonnel, who had become a Sulpician, and who had spent a few years in Montreal, Canada, was named Bishop of Toronto. After his consecration by Pius IX in the Sistine

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Chapel, May 26, 1850, he visited his old college, begged for a few priests to accompany him to Canada. Since he knew no English himself, he particularly wanted an English-speaking priest who would help him to communicate with his Irish Catholic flock when he reached Toronto. The Basilians loaned him one man — Father Patrick Molony, the English professor at Annonay, a native of Killaloe, Ireland, who had joined their little community. Father Molony and Bishop de Charbonnel (and a few other French priests whom the bishop was able to talk into coming with him) arrived in Toronto during September 1850.

Father Molony's first two years in Toronto make an interesting story, but



this is not the place, nor is there time tonight to tell it. Suffice it to say that largely through his barrage of importunate requests, demands, pleas and prayers, the Annonay Basilians at last, in July 1852, sent out to Toronto two more priests ( Fathers Soulerin and Malbos) and two unordained students (Mr. Vincent and Mr. Flannery). On September 4, 1852, these men opened St. Mary's Little Seminary on Queen Street, the first Basilian foundation in Canada. This Seminary had a short life of about six months, when it was absorbed into St. Michael's College, which the Basilians took over from the Christian Brothers, and which remains to this day. The College was founded during the year 1852-53. The story of its founding I

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 (the friends and Dr. Winthrop). In  
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 the New York Times of the arrest of  
 the first Communist Revolution in New York.  
 The Communist had a short life of about  
 six months, when it was absorbed into  
 the Communist Party, which was then  
 known as the New York Communist  
 Party, and which remains to this day.  
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 1933-34. The party of the Communist

have told in an article to be found in the Report of the Canadian Catholic Historical Association for 1950. I shall not re-tell this here. I do wish, however, to call your attention to one point that is certainly revelant to the decision of the Toronto Basilians to come to Owen Sound. As I have already said, the French Basilians had always undertaken some parish work. In Toronto they were very few, were French-speaking mostly, and felt incapable of undertaking anything in addition to their teaching. They accepted on a temporary basis a few parish missions in the City, in Weston and Brockton and elsewhere, but the Superior, Father Soulerin, tried to make as few commitments as possible. However, there were problems: first the

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the House of the Senate in 1861.

Historical Association for 1861.

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know, or will your association be not

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bishop was rather insistent that they help out in parishes, and even look after a parish at their new location on Clover Hill; and secondly, missionaries who dropped in to the cathedral rectory where the Basilians were living used to tease them about their soft job which, as they said, "consisted in teaching Latin and Greek to children" — a contrast to the rigours of the missionary's life. Thus it was that as early as 1853 the Superior of St. Michael's began to make certain "missionary proposals" in his letters to France. He began to ask for some priests to open a mission in the Georgian Bay area near Penetang, he said, in order (and this is the truly significant point) to "complete our work here." That is, he felt that a Community of College men needed a certain amount

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of parochial and missionary work, not only because there was great need of such workers, not only to maintain good public relations, but for the good of the community men themselves, to give them an opportunity to complete themselves as men and as priests.

It is rather interesting that Father Soulerin had specifically in mind work in the Georgian Bay area. He had mentioned Penetang because it was a French-speaking settlement and presented no language problem. Father Soulerin also had in mind for this Basilian undertaking a territory that would have several missions but would have a community centre too. It is quite obvious that he was thinking about the kind of situation which the Owen Sound area was going to

the political and economic world, and

only because there was great need of

new energy, the only one which could

be the result, was the need of

the country and the people, to give

them an opportunity to realize their

dreams in the new and better world.

It is rather interesting that Father

Smith's last conviction is that the

the country was not. It was not

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very different but would have a country

which was. It is quite obvious that it

was during about the time of the

which the French Revolution was going on

provide. This, as I said, was in 1853.

When St. Basil's parish church was opened November 16, 1856, as the collegiate church of St. Michael's College, it was blessed and solemnly opened by two newly-appointed bishops, Bishop Pinsonneault of London and Bishop Farrell of Hamilton. Because Bishop Farrell was a very close friend, Father Soulerin invited him to preach the sermon on this auspicious occasion. As a favour to his friend the Bishop accepted. Favours, you know, have sometimes to be returned, and Bishop Farrell could think of all kinds of favours to ask. He had just been assigned a new diocese, with its See in Hamilton, but extending northwards to Georgian Bay, then fanning out until at its eastern



extremity it met the diocese of Bytown and on its western, St. Boniface. For all this vast territory, the bishop had exactly eight priests: six of them resident in Dundas, Hamilton, Brantford, St. Clements and Wilmot, two of them missionaries working out of Guelph. It is not surprising that the bishop should ask the Basilians for priests to help him with the care of his diocese, nor surprising either that Father Soulerin should hear him with a sympathetic ear. The Basilians came to Owen Sound during the summer of 1863 — the first permanent expansion (Assumption in Windsor had been tried in 1857, but closed) of Basilians from St. Michael's College.

### III

I have told you something of the story



of the Basilians from their beginnings to their coming to Owen Sound. The question now arises: What is the story of Owen Sound itself and the parish missions to which the Basilians came? This story I shall try to retail to you pretty much as it has been impressing itself upon me during the past two weeks when I have been preparing this paper, but I speak always with due and respectful deference to all local historians among you who have, I am sure more accurate facts at their disposal than I have, and who in addition have what is even more significant, a native's intuition for interpreting those facts.

Of the pre-history, that is, the history of the period when these counties were

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 men down there, and the people who  
 to which the families come. This story  
 I shall try to tell in the present form  
 as it has been following down upon us  
 before the time we were born I hope  
 some memory of the past, but I shall  
 always with me, as a reminder of the  
 time to all these families and to  
 the past, I am sure we are not alone  
 in this world, that I have, and the  
 in which we live in the same way  
 all the same, as a reminder of the  
 the past, as a reminder of the past.

It is the history, that is, the history  
 of the period when these families were

entirely Indian territories, I have little to say. I am constantly lost in admiration at the 17th century events described in the Jesuit Relations. I am thinking especially of the Relations for the years 1639, 1640, 1642, 1648. Here are to be found somewhat general accounts not only of the fixed mission at Fort Ste. Marie, but also of those mobile missions which moved from that Fort, out among the settlements of the surrounding Nations. One of these missions, No. 5, if I read the text properly, came right here into Grey County, and over into Bruce. It must give you who live in this territory something of a thrill even today to read in the Relations a passage like the following: "Since the Petune (that is, the Indians of the Tobacco Nation)



are now at peace with the Hurons, we have made use of this situation to preach the Gospel to them and to raise Christ's flag among them. This was our mission No. 5, the mission we have dedicated to the Twelve Apostles. It was allotted to Fathers Charles Garnier and Isaac Jogues. These two men gave the following names to nine of the settlements they found: St. Peter's, St. Paul's, St. Andrew's, St. James', St. Thomas's, St. John's, St. James and Philip's, St. Bartholomew's, Sts. Simon and Jude's."

(1640, ch. X) The last named of these settlements, Sts. Simon and Jude's, was certainly at the top of the Bruce Peninsula. We know this because it is clearly marked on two different 17th century maps, one made by Sanson of Paris in 1658, the other by Father Du



Creux, S.J. in 1660. Some of the other settlements named must have been close to here, that is, within the limits of this parish. We cannot even guess at the location of these villages because, as Sherwood Fox says in his The Bruce Beckons, "there is not" (in the Relations of 1640 and 1642) "a syllable about the appearance of the territory in which any station lies." Lest this be taken as a criticism, I hasten to remind Dr. Fox that if the Relations give little or no detailed description of the terrain of the missions, there is compensation: they do give a splendid description of the Georgian Bay and Lake Huron which we know, and which the Jesuit chroniclers always referred to affectionately, in Champlain's own ter-



minology, as "the Gentle Sea", La Mer douce. Father Paul Rageneau speaks in 1648, of "a lake, about 400 leagues (ca. 1000 miles) around, which we call la Mer douce "the Gentle Sea", which has some tide, and many islands, one of which is 60 leagues (150 miles) around."

The early Jesuits left these territories after the fierce Iroquois wars of 1648. Then, for over 180 years, there is almost total silence. Indians were here, and occasional trappers and mariners, but, so far as we know, no Church and no missionaries. By the 1830's the second and later evangelization of the Indians, this time by both Catholic and Protestant missionaries had begun again. When Crown Lands agents came into Grey County, had it surveyed, and began to



bring in settlers during the late 30's and 40's, it was the later generation of Jesuits, who were here to minister to Indians and traders, who first attended to the spiritual needs of your predecessors throughout this area. During the period of their peregrine ministrations, there were no churches, no resident priests, only Indian missions and stations in private homes. Jesuit missionaries seem to have come here at irregular intervals from at least the time of the survey (1834 in the case of St. Vincent township, 1841 in the case of the town plot of Sydenham) up to 1859, overlapping the administration of the earliest diocesan priest whose name is recorded here, Father Muncoq of Toronto, who probably resided in Owen Sound between 1854 and 1856, just prior to the



creation of the Hamilton diocese. So far as is known, three Hamilton diocesan priests served here in Owen Sound for four years between the later Jesuit missionary period and the coming of the Basilians. These were Father Peter Bardou and Father St. Aubin, 1859-61; and Father P.S. Maheut, 1861-63. Of their ministry almost everything is conjecture, very little can be verified. With them, however, the era of the mission pastorate, strictly so called, was over for this area and the work of establishing a normal and permanent parish life began.

The Owen Sound of these years was small but rapidly growing. The Basilian Fathers were in no sense later comers to the area. Mr. John Telfer only arrived to make the first settlement

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and arrange for the survey of the town plot in 1841. The account of this episode is recorded in the Illustrated Atlas of The Dominion of Canada (published by Belden and Co. 1880) as follows: "Mr. Telfer's journey to his new location lay from York, via the land water route, through Lake Simcoe, Orillia, etc. to Sturgeon Bay, and thence along the shore of Georgian Bay, of which the above is one of the many indentations. Arriving at the mouth of the Sydenham River in a batteau, he made his way a short distance up that stream, with cedars overhanging either bank, and disembarking where the market square now is, he effected a small clearing and erected a log shanty — the first human habitation in the place — very near the spot where the market now stands,



in which he and one companion, Thomas Rutherford remained all winter." Telfer began the survey of the town plot of Sydenham, but it was finished by Charles Rankin in 1845. Rankin had previously surveyed St. Vincent Township. By 1845 settlers were arriving in reasonable numbers living mostly on the east side of the Sydenham River (where according to Crichton there was a population of 150 to 200) and also along the Garafraxa Road. At the same time homesteading was in progress in the surrounding townships. The village on the river was known as Sydenham and it was named the county seat when Grey became a provisional county in 1852. The municipal buildings were completed the following year 1853, and the name of



the village was changed to Owen Sound when it was incorporated into a town in 1856 (19 Victoria, cap. XXVII). By that year Owen Sound had 1,945 inhabitants.

The local historians whom I have been able to consult on this period just prior to the coming of the Basilians simply do not cover the actual details of the founding of St. Mary's. They do, of course, have many other interesting things to say. In this connection let me call to your attention a series of reminiscing articles in the Ontario Historical Society: Papers and Records 18 (1920) by J.M. Kilbourn, Robert Crichton, James McLaughlin, Father Cadot, James H. Rutherford and Canon P.L. Spencer. They tell us, for example,

the village was burned on June 10th, 1864, and the inhabitants were killed or taken into captivity. The village was burned on June 10th, 1864, and the inhabitants were killed or taken into captivity. The village was burned on June 10th, 1864, and the inhabitants were killed or taken into captivity.

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to 1864, and the inhabitants were killed or taken into captivity. The village was burned on June 10th, 1864, and the inhabitants were killed or taken into captivity. The village was burned on June 10th, 1864, and the inhabitants were killed or taken into captivity.

about the Toronto-Sydenham railway proposal of 1850 which, they regret, fell through in favour of a competitive line to the "Hen and Chickens" harbour at Collingwood where we are told in the illustrated Atlas Sheriff Smith provided "a dreary waste of swamp along the Bay, in Nottawasaga, to make his property the terminus" of the Northern Company's line. They also tell how ship-building meant something here after 1848 with the building of schooners like the Ann Mackenzie, the Elizabeth Broder and the Belle McPhee.

There is little, however, on St. Mary's. Father Hurley's Golden Jubilee brochure is better, but even it leaves so many things up in the air. When, for example,

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was the "Old Church", the one which was here when the Basilians came, really built? A.M. Stephens suggests that it may have been built in the time of Father Muncoq as early as 1854. This is not verified by surviving records, and it seems impossible in view of Canon Spencer's statement that in 1857 the Roman Catholics were still meeting in a private house. St. Mary's Church cannot, I think, have been opened before 1858. If this is so why is it described as "old" so very shortly afterwards, especially if it was really a "stone" Church as some of the later records all it. My saying all this is not merely to stir your local historians, but is, I repeat, to call to your attention how really far back into your his-

James — continued at 10:00 AM

and the "Old House", and was again

seen from the Eastland house, really

being the "Old House" and the

very large house, which is the site of the

house in 1861. This is the

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If this is the site of the

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it is the site of the "Old

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house, and is the site of the

house, and is the site of the

house, and is the site of the

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tory, how vitally close to your true beginnings, the ministrations of the Basilian Fathers of Owen Sound really go. A start had certainly been made when they arrived here in 1863; but most of the history of Owen Sound, and most of the recordable history of this parish integrates and dissolves into the account of their residence here among you.

#### IV

The last section of this paper, which will be brief, deals with the hundred years (1863-1963) which we are celebrating tonight. First let me say that the Basilians came here on the invitation of Bishop Farrell. They were moved to undertake the original mission by charity and justice; by charity in



that this new activity would be primarily an external manifestation through them of God's love for all men; by justice in that they had received into their Community a few vocations from Bishop Farrell's diocese. The story of their years in Owen Sound has been twice told: once in the Golden Jubilee brochure of 1921, recently revised and re-edited, and again in the enlarged manuscript of an address given here last February to the Granottier Council of the Knights of Columbus by Rev. Robert J. Scollard. There is nothing in the way of factual information which I can add to these accounts. They present a gratifying story of the labours of a great Christian community of religious men in one of Canada's more important Catholic

that this was actually done in 1890.

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parishes. Mark my words! This is an important parish, not only by reason of its location in this strategic and beautiful city on Captain William Fitz-William Owen's bay, but because of the successfully employed mission structure, economical of priests and material resources, which has always entered fully into the life of the Canadian Church; in its own way too the Basilian Community, changing and expanding as it has over the century, has played a truly significant role in the development of both Church and nation. It is in view of this that I should like to make for you two simple inventories: the first, an inventory of many things that Owen Sound has meant to the Basilian Fathers, the second of what I think the Basilians may have meant to Owen Sound.

business, and by means of this it was

imposed upon, and only by means of

the location in this territory and near

about city on certain William Street

William Street's lot, but because of the

successfully engaged in other business,

amount of of interest and material for

business, which has always been the

from the life of the business, and

in the way for the business, and

it, changing and expanding as it has

over the century, has played a truly

significant role in the development of

the business and nation. It is in view

of this that I should like to make for

two other inventions: the first,

an inventory of many things that have

been done in the business, and

the second of which I think has been

very much in the past.

Inventory 1.

1. You, the people of Owen Sound and its missions, have as Father Soulerin so wisely foresaw, provided us Basilians with that opportunity for completion and fulfilment which all priests need, and which religious communities must seek either in missionary work or pastoral activity. You have, moreover, provided for this opportunity in a constant spirit of fraternal charity.

2. You, the people of Owen Sound and its missions, in accepting the administrative arrangement which has always obtained here and endures to this time, have made it possible for the Basilians here to live in community, that is, to worship God together in common prayer and communal living, spared the

Editorial

The people of this country are entitled to know the truth about the conditions which exist in the various industries and occupations. It is the duty of the medical profession to see that this truth is made known to the public. The medical profession should not be content with the knowledge that it has, but should make every effort to disseminate this knowledge among the people. The medical profession should be the first to recognize the need for a more complete and accurate system of statistics. The medical profession should be the first to demand that the government should collect and publish statistics of the various diseases and conditions which affect the people. The medical profession should be the first to demand that the government should make every effort to improve the conditions of the people. The medical profession should be the first to demand that the government should make every effort to protect the people from the various diseases and conditions which are caused by the environment. The medical profession should be the first to demand that the government should make every effort to improve the conditions of the people. The medical profession should be the first to demand that the government should make every effort to protect the people from the various diseases and conditions which are caused by the environment.

The people of this country are entitled to know the truth about the conditions which exist in the various industries and occupations. It is the duty of the medical profession to see that this truth is made known to the public. The medical profession should not be content with the knowledge that it has, but should make every effort to disseminate this knowledge among the people. The medical profession should be the first to recognize the need for a more complete and accurate system of statistics. The medical profession should be the first to demand that the government should collect and publish statistics of the various diseases and conditions which affect the people. The medical profession should be the first to demand that the government should make every effort to improve the conditions of the people. The medical profession should be the first to demand that the government should make every effort to protect the people from the various diseases and conditions which are caused by the environment. The medical profession should be the first to demand that the government should make every effort to improve the conditions of the people. The medical profession should be the first to demand that the government should make every effort to protect the people from the various diseases and conditions which are caused by the environment.

more distressing sufferings of loneliness and isolation. You know from my remarks at the beginning of this paper how important this is to them.

3. You have given this same religious community a territorial status in Ontario's Bluewater country, a lovely piece of Canada which now with you and because of you we Basilians gratefully call our own.

4. You have sent among us one of your own sons to be our confreres and to mingle in a Christian and spiritual union your flesh and blood with ours.

5. And finally, you have let us enter into the life, pleasures, sorrows, hospitality and burdens of your family circles. It would not only be odious

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The same result was achieved in 1861.  
The same result was achieved in 1861.  
The same result was achieved in 1861.

but impossible for me here to attempt to mention family names. But if the Basilians first came here as your "fathers" in Christ, you quickly made them your "brothers" in Christ as well; and to quote the words of the opening of the 132nd psalm: "How pleasant it is for brothers to dwell together in unity."

### Inventory 2.

To turn to the second inventory, it seems to me that I am justified in attempting to state frankly the contribution which has been made to your life by the Basilian Fathers particularly through those of their members who have been sent here among you by God's Providence and the appointments of their Superiors.

1. First must be mentioned what is brought to any parish by its priests;

has happened for us here at present  
in relation to the world. And it is  
possible that we have not yet  
received the letter, but we shall  
soon hear "something" in regard to it.  
And we shall hear of the result  
of the 15th ballot. How pleasant it is  
for students to hear of the result.

# January 2.

To-day is the second January, it seems  
as we have been justified in assuming  
to make fairly the comparison with  
the year 1800 as far as the  
like future particularly through  
point of view. Indeed we have been  
very busy and by God's Providence  
we are rejoicing at this moment.

I think that we will not be  
forgetful to say nothing of the future.

the constant parochial services without which life for the Catholic is not worth living.

2. The Basilians have placed here in 100 years a succession of priests (19 pastors, 44 assistants, and unreckoned occasional workers) who, looked at in globo, make an extraordinary impression indeed. Some of them, like the saintly, aristocratic and long-lived Granottier, brought with them the rich variety of European ways and the dignity of a distinguished continental background; some came steeped in experience gained in other and distant parts of Canada and the United States; some like Nicholas Roche or Michael Kelly came directly from the senior posts in the general community administration. Whether

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they came from the farm or the city, from the college classroom or the hospital bed, whether they were saintly or scholarly or neither or both, they were rarely men who could be taken for granted, and their collective spirit resides in Owen Sound today in the accumulated memories of the people they served.

3. I should like, finally to think that the tenure of the Basilians in Owen Sound has meant that in some immeasurable and unfathomable way, the characteristic ethos of an unusual and constantly changing kind of religious institute has communicated itself to you the people of this parish and its missions. In explanation of this statement let me say that this century of years (1863-1963) has seen the Basilians cease to be a



French congregation, become largely identified with the North-American Church, locate its generalate in the City of Toronto, adopt certain forward-looking and ecumenical arrangements in modern higher education, become increasingly scholarly in their interests and avocations, more and more progressive in their spiritual ways and more Catholic in their tastes and inclinations. I should like to think that there is coming to be realized in them, and through them in you, something of what Pope Paul VI on Sunday, September 29 of this year set up as the objectives of the Second Vatican Council: awareness of the Church as a whole, a feeling for the spirit of reform, a longing for Christian unity, and an entering into the dialogue of the Catholic



Church with the contemporary world. The achieving of objectives like these would be in our day a fitting fulfilment of the zeal and vision of those few but wonderful priests of Annonay and St. Symphorien who coped so boldly with their own contemporary crisis in the mountains of Ardèche.

With these remarks, historical and polemic, let me return this centennial podium to the chairman of the evening.

(Transcribed from the speaker's manuscript. An address delivered in St. Mary's Hall, Owen Sound, on October 13, 1963, by Father Laurence Kennedy Shook, C.S.B., on the occasion of the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the coming of the Basilian Fathers to Owen Sound, Ontario.)



"I make up in my body what is lacking in the sufferings of Christ."

My Lord Archbishop, Right Reverend and Reverend Clergy, and dear brethren,

Of course, as to merit, Christ left nothing wanting. He merited for all men from the beginning until the end of time. However, He did leave something for men to do, so as to join with Him in the work of Redemption. The life of the Church continues the work of Redemption. Christ continues His Passion in the life of the Church. Wherever good men suffer, Christ suffers in them. Was there ever in the world a time like the present when Christ suffers to the limit in this way? A month or so ago there were photos in a weekly of little children starving in Poland. Did you by any chance see them? It was

It seems to be my duty to be in the  
in the afternoon at 10:30.

up into a room, with a window and  
between the two, and then between

of course, as in many, during the

entire evening. He stayed for all

and from the beginning until the end

of the evening. He did leave some-

thing for me to do, as he did when

he is in the way of his duties. The

life of the French people is very

of his duties. He did not leave him

because in the life of the French.

However good and willing, I did not

in the. The French are in the world

that first the French people are

in the world in this way. I would

to the French are close to a world

French children are in the world. The

for by the French are about 10

something you will never forget. In cases like that, how easy it is to see that Christ is suffering there. Think of one little baby starving to death. Then multiply by millions, even then you could not grasp it, you would fall short of the reality. There is all the infinite variety of suffering and evil. And it is Christ suffering in His Body, which is the Church, in the members of the visible Church, and as well, wherever the invisible Church reaches and the soul of the Church embraces all good men. Indeed, even the sufferings of wicked men are taken up and purified by Christ, and offered to His Heavenly Father. The Passion of Christ continues on, and will end only with the end of the world. It is Christ's desire that

standing you will never forget. In  
 these little ones, how many is it of you  
 that think is suffering there. What  
 at one little body standing in death.  
 Some multiply by millions, even that  
 one could not count it, and would tell  
 about of the reality. There is all the  
 infinite variety of evil and good,  
 and it is Christ suffering in his love,  
 who is the source, in the measure of  
 the whole Church, and as well, wherever  
 the infinite Church reaches and the  
 soul of the Church advances all good  
 and, indeed, even the redemption of  
 man and the love of his neighbor  
 by Christ, and all that is his heavenly  
 Father. The position of Christ's position  
 in the world, and all that is his  
 the world. It is Christ's death that

all men in their lives should live in their sufferings as He lived in His, as He would live in theirs in their places. Then, and then only will they be conformed with Christ, and become true brothers, true Christs, and the Passion will be finished.

When sin entered the world, human nature was injured. It could never be the same again. The human soul could never again, as it was before the Fall. Of itself, and of its own efforts, it was helpless to rise aloft and reach God. By its own powers the human soul could only live a life of the world, and very poorly, even that. Even its natural powers for this world were injured and weakened, and well nigh helpless. There was no remedy but for God to come, and

all men to make their minds free to  
 make judgments as they see fit, and  
 the world live in peace in their hands.  
 Then, and then only will they be free  
 from all fear, and from all  
 bondage, from sin, and the bondage  
 of the world.

When all men are free, then we  
 have our freedom. It would never be the  
 same again. The same would never  
 again, as it was before the fall. It  
 would, and of the new world, it was  
 different in the old and new world.  
 It was the same the same and same  
 only live a life of the world, and very  
 happy, even then. From the natural  
 world, the world was different and  
 different, and with all its beauty, there  
 was no more and no less to come, and

enter into the soul, and live in the soul, and for it do what it could never do for itself. That is what the Incarnation means. The Son of God was made flesh, and through His Passion reconciled all men to His Father. All was changed now. It was more than being friends of God in the ordinary sense of the word. It was a new life, not for all men, but for those who were baptized with water and the Holy Ghost into the visible Church, as well as for all souls anywhere to whom God comes in the mystery of His mercies, and marks with the seal of His love and in whom He lives and acts. What is all important is that it is the very life of God; that here on earth every person in the state of grace already shares in the

When I was a child, and lived in the  
 town, and for it as when it could never  
 be for itself. There is what the  
 education means. The one of the  
 town itself, and I think the meaning of  
 education all was to the father. All the  
 children were. It was not then being  
 children of God in the ordinary sense of  
 the word. It was a new idea, and for  
 all men, for the first time since the  
 first time when the Holy Spirit came  
 the virgin Mary, as well as for all  
 souls anywhere to whom God comes in the  
 mystery of his creation, and even when  
 the soul of his love and he who is  
 there and now. There is all important  
 is that it is the very life of God;  
 that there is with every person in the  
 world of those already there in the

very life of God; God lives in him, and all the good that is in him or comes from him is from God, and the life of every one in the state of grace is a participation in eternal life, a beginning, here on earth, of eternal life with God in eternity. Faith, Hope, Charity, and the gifts of the Holy Ghost, these are that new life. Picture to yourself all the endowments of the greatest geniuses of all time, all concentrated in one person, Homer, Dante, Da Vinci, Bach, Pasteur, whom you will — he would be the marvel of the ages, the ages of this world, yet he would be as nothing compared with one minute's life of any child of grace.

It is necessary to know this to understand what death means for a Catholic,

very life of God; God lives in him, and  
 all the good that is in him of course  
 flows from him to God, and the life of  
 every man in the world of course is a  
 participation in eternal life, a participation  
 with God in eternity, of eternal life  
 with God in eternity. *Religio, Religio,*  
*Religio,* and the life of the soul  
*Religio,* there are the new life. *Religio,*  
 there is yourself all the happiness of  
 the present moment of all time, all  
 happiness in the present, *Religio, Religio,*  
 in the world, *Religio, Religio,* where you will  
 see the world be the world of the world,  
 the world of the world, see the world be  
 the world of the world, with new minutes  
 life of my child of time.

It is necessary to have this in order  
 that we may have the world.

above all the death of a priest; the life of a priest, and the death of a priest. There are two worlds, the city of this world, and that of Jerusalem which is above. Only for the Son of God they would have been entirely separated from each other, with no point of contact, and no comparison between them. The Incarnation joined them in a perfect union, In Christ. The priest's work is the work of Christ, and his life, the life of Christ. More than any others in the world he must continue the work of redemption, more than any others he must make up in his own sufferings what is lacking in the sufferings of Christ. His whole life is dedicated to the spread of God's kingdom on earth, to the growth among men, in the souls of



men, of the very life of God. Christ died for men, He rose from the dead, He chose among men special ones, consecrated them for the work, and sent them out into the world to continue His work, to take His place, with the instructions and power to consecrate others. These are the priests of Christ.

It is enough, then, that it is for a priest that we are gathered here this morning. Were he the greatest man in the world, his priesthood would be the most precious possession in him. Were he the most obscure he would still be a priest of God.

I could talk to you a long time about Father Moylan. We were classmates at St. Michael's and graduated in Rhetoric



of 1898, if you know what that means. It was the end of the old classical course, as it was called. We have been closely associated, and very close friends ever since. Friday evening last, as I was leaving for Oshawa, I shook hands with him, and wished him a Happy Easter.

We were together in theology. Our theological seminary numbered four students and two professors, Father Heydon and Father Cushing. We were at Assumption College together until I was called to St. Michael's at Christmas of 1904. Father Moylan remained at Assumption until 1930, with a year in Texas in 1915, and three years as Master of Novices.

He said, if you know what that means.

It was the end of the old country.

Country, as it was called. We have seen

country, and very much of it.

Country, as it was called. We have seen

country, as it was called. We have seen

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country, as it was called.

In a way it is a pity it is in Toronto that we are burying him. It is true he was born in this city, in this parish, baptized and confirmed in this church. Then, too, his family is here. But his life work was Assumption College, and it is there he is known. Twenty five years of Assumption students have known Father Moylan, and love him, and his name is revered in all the parishes of Western Ontario, in Michigan and Ohio. There are great names among the Basilians of Assumption during the last forty years. I do not need to name them, or compare. Only let me name Father Forster. But the great power and support who was there continuously from the turn of the century until the young priests began to come, around 1920, was



Father Moylan. It may help you to understand when I tell you that he was ordained in 1904, and there isn't another Basilian priest ordained until you come to 1914, a gap of eight years without a new priest. Father Moylan had to a very high degree everything that went to make a wonderful college priest: great intellectual ability and training, a scholar, a teacher, disciplinarian, administrator, tact, good judgment, a man of refinement and good taste. He was supreme in handling students and priests, the soul of honor and fearless courage. Whenever anyone went to him for advice in trouble, and they went to him in droves, he was infallible, he never made a mistake. He was always the priest, always the

Father Moylan. It was half past ten  
 and I tell you that he was  
 declined in 1890, and there isn't any  
 other Father Moylan who was declined until  
 you come to 1911, a case of eight years  
 almost a new priest. Father Moylan  
 had in a very high degree everything  
 that went to make a wonderful priest  
 and a great intellectual ability and  
 training, a scholar, a teacher, a dis-  
 tinguished, distinguished, great, great  
 scholar, a man of refinement and great  
 taste. He was known in London  
 and abroad, the soul of both  
 and foreign countries. However, it was  
 not his for him in trouble, and  
 stay with him in trouble, he was in-  
 stilled, he never was a priest. He  
 was always the priest, always the

religious. He had one fault, if it was a fault: he hated publicity, and not bear the spotlight.

So often God provides the right man at the right time, and He gave Father Moylan to Assumption for those years.

In 1920 he was stricken with sleeping sickness. For weeks he hovered between life and death. In fact, the newspapers did carry the news of his death, and many Masses were said for him. That was over twenty years ago. He recovered, was Master of Novices for three years, and returned to Assumption to his old work. He never fully recovered. As time went on the effects of the disease gradually incapacitated him for college work. In 1930 he came to us at the

celebration. He had now found, it was  
 actually the same quality, and not  
 dear the quality.

to order and provision the right was at  
 was right time, and he gave better  
 begins to investigation for these years.

In 1930 he was surprised with standing  
 sickness. For weeks he stayed between  
 his own health. In fact, the symptoms  
 did carry the most of his health, and  
 many people were with him. That was  
 over twenty years ago. He remained,  
 was under all kinds of tests for these years,  
 and returned to examination in his old  
 state. He never fully recovered. At  
 that time on the effects of the disease  
 probably accelerated his the disease  
 state. In 1930 he came to me at the

Seminary, and he has been here with us ever since.

A few moments ago I said it was a pity, in a way, that he was not being buried where he is known. It is true that he is not known in Toronto. Yet I am quite sure the greatest years of his life were those last twelve years at the Seminary. Nearly to the end he could hear confessions and give direction, and his judgment, tact and knowledge of men made him beyond price. But that was not the most important.

A little work of grace is of more worth than the greatest possessions. In the years he lived here, those last years of his life, he turned entirely to God, and gave himself up to prayer. All his

...and he had been with him  
ever since.

A few months ago I said it was a pity,  
in a way, that he was not being buried  
where he is known. It is now that he  
is no longer in London. For I am  
quite sure the greatest years of his  
life were those last twelve years of  
the century. Surely to see and be  
seen was his consolation and his eter-  
nal, and his judgment, that his im-  
mense of men made his better part. And  
that was the most important.

And his work of course is of some value  
than the greatest monuments. In the  
years he lived here, those last years  
of his life, he carried nothing to do,  
and gave himself up to sleep. All his

faculties continued alert and active. He knew his days of work were done, he prepared for death. I never knew a case like it. For years he prepared for death. And when the time came, it was as though God loved him, and looked after him with loving and tender care. He was always able to be up and around, never sick in bed. On Holy Thursday he received Holy Communion, his last Holy Communion. Good Friday evening he began the Stations of the Cross. Half way through he could go no farther and sat down. He died in peace at break of day on Easter morn at the hour when Mary Magdalene came to the tomb, and the angels in heaven were singing in praise of Our Risen Lord.

It was a beautiful life, those last years

examination continued after tea and coffee.

He gave his list of work done since, and

prepared for dinner. I never knew a

man like this. For years he prepared

for death. And when the time came, it

was as though God loved him, and looked

after him with loving and tender care.

He was always able to be as cool and calm,

never with the least. On holy Thursday he

received Holy Communion, the last Holy

Communion. Then Friday evening he wrote

the *Stations of the Cross*. Half way

through he could go no further and had

done. He died in peace at about 10 o'clock

on Easter eve at the age of 82 years.

His last words were, "I am ready, and I go."

He was in heaven with his father, and his

at the same time.

It was a beautiful life, and I am sure

especially were beautiful years. I would not have you think they were easy years. There is no resurrection without suffering. It was the way he took it that made it seem easy. His was a supernatural heroism. He was making up in his body what was lacking in the sufferings of Christ.

I am not afraid for his soul. I could not be. But, in the great mystery of God we will pray for him the more.

Father Moylan entered St. Michael's College in 1893. The pastor of St. Basil's at that time and for years before and after, was Father Brennan, one of the all time great priests of this country. At the end of the academic year, in the summer of 1894, Father



Brennan was in Ireland when the college results for the year reached him. He was so pleased with them that he wrote to his sanctuary boy. I have that letter here, and will read you some of it:

My Dear Tom,

I have just received the college prize list and I am hurrying up as fast as I can to compliment yourself and all my little sanctuary boys on your success. Yourself, Willie Foley, W. Costello, J. O'Sullivan, D.P. Matthews, G. Roach, Frank Foy, Jack Foy, & why you have all done well and I am proud of you. Just see what comes of being good boys and in St. Basil's sanctuary. Why just tell the whole of them our fishing expedition must be twice as grand on account of your success."

There, you have his life spread out before you. The little sanctuary boy leaves the old sanctuary for the last time. He goes to meet his father and mother, and Father Brennan. He leaves his good sisters and his good brothers,



his brother priests, his old students, for a time. Father Brennan is pleased this morning with his little sanctuary boy. He has lived up to all the promise of those early days. Those who love him can only be glad, and yet, the greater the love, the more the tears well up. It would seem strange, and even wrong, only for Our Lord. See how He wept when Lazarus died. My how He loved him, they said. Jesus wept. So I would not say not to weep. But I would say, and do say, rejoice and be glad, this is the day he has lived for.

So we will bear him to his last resting place, and always, as long as there are Basilians, their prayer to God shall be, May he rest in peace.

(Transcribed from the manuscript in the possession of Father Hugh Mallon, Sermon preached in St. Basil's Church, Toronto, April 7, 1942, by Father Henry Carr)

the father of the father, the old father,

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the father of the father, the old father,

Your Grace, Your Excellency, relatives and friends of Father McGuire:

This morning I wish to address my remarks particularly to the younger Basilians, those professed twenty years or less, because Father McGuire belongs to them in a particular way.

In a treatise on the Christian care of the dead, St. Augustine tells us that the respect we pay to the dead, the care we take for the decency of the place of their burial, the stateliness of the funeral rites, all these are more a solace for the living than a help for the deceased. Still, he would not have it otherwise. It is something we owe to ourselves as well as to them. The body of a man who has died is no mere



collection of chemicals doomed to disintegration. It is a body that has served a soul, that has been the dwelling of the Holy Spirit. It is the seed of a body that will rise again to a life that will never end.

Only a few weeks ago we gathered in this church to pay our respects and offer sacrifice for Father Carr. And now it is the turn of another brother, one who has lived longer than the time usually allotted to a Basilian. As our numbers grow, such events will necessarily become more numerous. But it is unlikely that we shall grow used to them. Death is such a mysterious thing. We know, of course, that we must die. Every day we can see in our newspapers a list of



those who have just died. We know that some day our own names will be in that list. Yet, few people have a sense of reality about it. Death is for others. However, when it strikes someone who is dear to us, we are given an opportunity to realize a little better something which should be a major concern for each of us. That is why we reflect today on what we could observe in the life of the deceased that we may glean a lesson to enrich our own lives.

Father McGuire was brought up on a farm near Owen Sound and attended the Collegiate Institute of that city. Here he developed an interest in a teaching career. After teaching two years in Western Canada, he came to Toronto to



improve himself in his chosen profession. This was the time when St. Michael's was taking its first steps in the status it now holds in the University of Toronto. Many Catholics were not confident in its still uncertain future and kept away from it. Not so John McGuire. He secured the Bachelor's degree in 1915. It was here at St. Michael's that he renewed acquaintance with the Basilian Fathers whom he had known in Owen Sound. Here too came the thought of placing his teaching career more intimately in the service of God by joining a teaching community. Here again the choice was not an easy one. The community with which he was best acquainted was at a very low ebb. It had scarcely more than fifty priests and critics were not



lacking to prophesy its early disappearance. In spite of all this, it was in this Community that John McGuire made his novitiate and began his studies for the priesthood. We scholastics were faced with a rather heavy task. Our schools were growing and priests were few. We were called upon to do double duty. But we were young and, as is usual with the young, we had a healthy scorn for difficulties. Responsibilities which would have frightened more experienced men sat lightly on our shoulders. That is one reason why when Father McGuire, though only two years ordained, was named superior, he brought to his responsible and difficult office an experience and a maturity well beyond his years. And his administration bore corresponding results.

In the morning, the first thing  
 I did was to go to the office, and  
 as the morning was so fine, I  
 went to the park and began to  
 for the afternoon. The children were  
 found with a whole new set of  
 animals were running and playing  
 too. We were called upon to do  
 duty. But we were young and so  
 went with the group, we had a really  
 know for the first time. The children  
 which would have been the first  
 and we all felt as one. The  
 that is the reason why when I  
 that, though only two years old,  
 had never before, he brought in his  
 tremendous and difficult of the  
 experience and a feeling well beyond his  
 years. And his education was not  
 ordinary.

Then he was called upon to exercise his priesthood in a different way. For nine years he was pastor here at St. Basil's and then in his native Owen Sound. It was while in the parish of Amherstburg that an event occurred which was to mark the remainder of his life. He was stricken by a severe heart attack and it was clear both to him and to us that from then on he would lead a precarious existence. To us it looked rather tragic. How little we realized that God was using this means to place Father McGuire in a position where he was to exercise a deeper, if more hidden influence than ever before. The last twenty-two years of his life were spent with the young members of his Community in the highly responsible role of Master

There is no other way to understand the  
 judgment in a different way. For  
 the years he was poor and he  
 had a son in his house from  
 home. It was while in the house of  
 poverty that he was educated.  
 When we look at the history of his  
 life, we are struck by a certain  
 fact and it is clear that he was  
 as he was then and he would have  
 been the same. To be in the  
 same way, the first we find  
 that he was not able to do  
 what he was in a position where he  
 was to exercise a duty, it was his  
 duty to do what he was to do.  
 The first  
 twenty-five years of his life were spent  
 with the young members of his community  
 in the right way of his life.

of Novices and Confessor. Those who were worthy of such a grace will find their religious and their priestly life marked by the gentle influence of this lovable priest.

At the beginning of His public life, Our Lord gave us a summary of His doctrine in a sermon which has remained a landmark in human history. He began it with His divine congratulations to chosen groups of His disciples. We call them the Beatitudes. In the second group, He refers to them as the meek. The Word has suffered great loss in the development of the language. In our society meekness is no longer in honor. It is usually connected with weakness and lack of character. May I suggest a

at various and distant points. These are  
 more widely distributed than any other  
 kind of vegetation and their growth is  
 determined by the local influence of the  
 various factors.

At the beginning of the present year  
 the local government of the district  
 in a narrow strip has reached a  
 landmark in human history. The region is  
 with its diverse geographical features to show  
 traces of its character. It will then  
 be possible, in the second year,  
 to return to the same point. The  
 year has ended with a new  
 development of the language. In our  
 history course is no longer in doubt.  
 It is usually connected with various  
 and lack of character. The 1 course is

translation that might remove the stigma with which the word is burdened. I would call it gentleness, but stripped of any connotation of weakness. If I were asked to name a distinguishing mark in the character of Father McGuire, I would say it was gentleness, a gentleness coupled with a firmness that refused to compromise.

To the members of his family we extend our sympathy for their loss. We are confident that they will soon realize that their loss is more apparent than real. There is a saying that there is nothing so dead as a dead priest. That is not always true. We Basilians never approach the altar without a remembrance of our brothers who have finished their

I have been told that the  
 late Mrs. Johnson was in the habit of  
 writing to her friends, but that she  
 would not let them see the letters. It is  
 said that she was a dissatisfied  
 wife in the character of her husband,  
 and that it was her husband, a gentle-  
 man, who was the cause of her  
 being so dissatisfied.

In the summer of 1794 we arrived  
 at the residence of the late Mrs. Johnson.  
 She was then in the habit of writing  
 to her friends, but that she would not  
 let them see the letters. It is said  
 that she was a dissatisfied wife in the  
 character of her husband, a gentle-  
 man, who was the cause of her  
 being so dissatisfied.

earthly course. We know that they are still our brothers. We know that for those who belong to Christ life is not taken away but changed into something better where death shall be no more. And so we look forward to our own death as a portal, an awesome portal but one that opens on what God has prepared for them that love Him. And so we offer today our sacrifice and our prayers for Father McGuire. May his soul rest in peace and may the perpetual light of God's love shine upon him.

Transcribed from the preacher's manuscript, deposited in the General Archives. Sermon preached by Father Louis Bondy in St. Basil's Church, Toronto, on Saturday, February 1, 1964, at the Funeral of Father McGuire.



I have glorified Thee on earth; I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do. Words of Our Lord spoken on the eve of His Sacred Passion and recorded for us in the Gospel of St. John, 17,4

When death strikes, the conversation of men often turns to speculation on what the deceased might have done if his or her life had not been cut short. And when many years have been granted, as they were granted to Father Francis Rafferty, the conjectures turn upon how different life might have been if at some point it had been cast in a different mold. Human thoughts, such as these, go back a long, long way in history.

Seven hundred years before the birth of Christ, King Ezechias of Juda became sick unto death and the prophet Isaias

I have printed these in order; I have  
 printed the very first, then given in  
 to the birds of the land species in the  
 one of his several families and recorded  
 for me in the country of the birds, 174

From these studies, the conversation of  
 the birds comes to be a matter of fact  
 the fact that they have been in the air  
 but it's not been the story. And  
 those many years have been passed, so  
 they were given to the birds of the  
 country, the conversation of the birds  
 the different life of the birds in the  
 of the birds is not been in a  
 different world. From the birds, with  
 the birds, in the air, but they are  
 always.

From the birds, the birds of the birds  
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was sent to him with this message from God: "Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die and not live." When Ezechias heard these words, he thought of all the things he wanted to do before he died and he prayed earnestly to God:

"I beseech Thee, O Lord, remember how I have walked before Thee in truth, and with a perfect heart, and have done that which is good in Thy sight."

God heard his prayer and before Isaias had time to leave the palace grounds he was given a second message to deliver:

"Go and say to Ezechias: Behold I will add to thy days fifteen years, and I will save thee and this city from the hands of the King of Assyria, and I will protect this city." (Is. 38, 1-6; 4 Kings 20, 1-6)

Father Rafferty was formed in a different school. The spiritual life of his Community is based upon the complete

one door to him with this message from  
him: "The city house is ready, for this  
month the end of the year." When he

heard these words, he thought of all  
the things he wanted to do before he  
died and he cried out to God:

"O Lord, remember now  
I have waited before thee in trouble,  
and I have waited before thee in trouble,  
and I have waited before thee in trouble,  
and I have waited before thee in trouble."

God heard his prayer and before long  
God came to him in the night and he  
was given a second message to deliver:

"The end of the world is near; I will  
and so my days will be few, and I  
will give thee and thy wife from the  
land of the living, and I will  
remember this day." (Is. 38, 1-14; 2  
Isa. 38, 1-14)

God's message was given in a different  
way. The spiritual life of the  
community is based upon the word

acceptance of the Will of God. His own plans must be wiped out and give place to those willed for him by Jesus Christ. To the extent that this takes place in his life will he be able, when death comes, to repeat with His Divine Model, the words: "I have glorified Thee on earth; I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do."

One of the books which Father Rafferty studied during his novitiate year was, The Practice of Christian Religious Perfection, by Father Alfonso Rodriguez. The eighth treatise in this spiritual classic is on conformity to the Will of God. The author ends the first paragraph of it by reminding his readers that Our Lord "instructed us not only

management of the will of God. His son  
 John was by this time and five years  
 he was killed too by the same illness.  
 In the autumn of the same year he  
 was ill, and he said, "My dear  
 John, in return for the life I have  
 given you, I have glorified you in  
 death; I have finished the work which  
 you gave me to do."

One of the books which I have written  
 is called "The Life of Samuel Johnson."  
The History of the English Language  
 is written by Samuel Johnson himself.  
 The study of the English language  
 is so necessary to the life of  
 man. The author of the first part  
 of it is by the name of the author  
 of the first part of the first part.

by the doctrine of His words, but far more by the example of His deeds. Jesus began to do and to teach, says St. Luke." (Acts 1, 1) All His earthly life was a lesson in deeds, only the last three years were spent in teaching by word. When he read this book, Father Rafferty was a seventeen year old novice with a brilliant high school record behind him. Did he ever think that God would appoint to him also, only three years of teaching?

A few years later, on the even of his ordination to the subdiaconate he made his final vows, sealing for life his contract "to employ all his time, talents, health and even life for the greater glory of God in the work of the Basilian Fathers." He was then twenty-two past

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and knew that he would spend a full year as a deacon before he would reach the minimum age at which his Congregation could hope to obtain permission for his ordination to the priesthood. His superiors looked forward to the services of this candidate to whom all academic subjects were alike in ease of mastery.

In the summer of 1902 Father Rafferty returned to his home in England to share with his family and the friends of his school days the first fruits of his priestly life. On this occasion he told his father that if certain ideas he had were not true, then he must be losing his senses, adding that if God so wills, let it be so. His sister, Katherine, in religious life Sister

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Anne Marie of the Presentation Sisters, did not expect that her gentle and refined brother would be unable to say Mass during the last fifty-five years of his life. Her prayers accompanied him in his affliction until her death a little more than five years ago.

A few weeks ago the Gospel of the Sunday Mass recounted the story of the wedding feast of Cana. The Blessed Virgin and her Divine Son had accepted an invitation to a wedding at which the supply of wine began to run low and Our Lady obtained from Him the miracle of the changing of water into wine. In this story the last words of the Blessed Virgin recorded in Sacred Scripture pass almost unnoticed: "Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye". (John 2, 5) They are words that Father Rafferty



learned to treasure at the College of Mary Immaculate in Beaconfield, England. They strengthened him in his vocation, bringing him to the Basilian Novitiate, then in Holy Rosary Parish, Toronto.

It was not by chance that at the time when Holy Church annually recalls these words that a few days of relief from his years of affliction were granted to Father Rafferty and that he was able to tell the hospital chaplain that it was fifty years since he had been able to receive Holy Communion. He received all the last sacraments in that hospital that had been his home for over fifty years because the Blessed Virgin does not forget those who obey her command: "Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye."



Early last Saturday morning Father Rafferty finished the work that God gave him to do on earth. Death, no more than prolonged illness, does not separate a religious from his Community. The memory of Father Rafferty will remind a new generation that the ways of God are not our ways, and that salvation lies in the acceptance of God's Will. The lesson of his life will fuse with the characteristics of other confreres to form the traditions of our Congregation. Pray you for him. May his soul and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

(Transcribed from the preacher's manuscript deposited in the General Archives. Sermon preached by Father Robert Scollard at Father Rafferty's funeral in St. Basil's Church, Toronto, Tuesday, February 2, 1960.)





























